

The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS BIRDIE SUTHERLAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I had an exciting moment the other morning in Albemarle Street, opposite Brown's Hotel. Some of the Household Cavalry were taking their morning amble, headed by the equestrian band, which looks like so many jockeys promoted from the Turf to the dignity of her Majesty's trumpets. The musician who plays two drums, strung across his horse like panniers, was particularly energetic as he passed the hostelry where M. Daudet was staying; and I had a sudden apprehension that a foreign gentleman, with hair like a weeping willow (*sa chevelure de saule pleureur* they call it in the *Figaro*), would throw up a window and hurl defiance at the drummer. For could anything be more characteristic of our military arrogance than this double-drumming under the very nose of the man of letters who has declared that the sight of Tommy Atkins, taking up the middle of the pavement in Piccadilly, makes him long for the days of his fighting youth? So I wondered in some trepidation whether the voice of M. Daudet would cry, "Sacré bleu! You English drummer, you crash noise into the ears of the unfortunate horse you are bestriding till he must be stone deaf, and you outrage civilisation by this arrogant contempt for its tympanum!" Something to this effect, launched from a window of Brown's Hotel, might have stirred the sluggish blood of the "taciturn automata" passing below.

M. Daudet's indictment of Tommy Atkins would greatly astonish that simple soldier if he were aware of it. As he saunters down Piccadilly he takes up a good deal of the pavement because his figure is spacious and needs abnormal elbow-room. I have often walked behind him in respectful wonder at that manly shape, carved apparently out of wood, and fashioned by the plastic art of the drill-sergeant. When the Hebrew writer described some good man's sons as "young cedars," he anticipated the style of manly beauty which we admire in Tommy. Complaint has lately been made about the felling of trees in Epping Forest, but it is not generally known that the timber is conveyed in the dead of the night to the nearest barracks, and is there cut and trimmed and drilled into those majestic proportions which, clad in red, and surmounted by a cap very much askew, inflame the wrath of M. Daudet. What is Tommy thinking of as he moves along Piccadilly like an ambulatory column of ochre? Is it of wars, of the contemptible nature of civilians, especially of that foreign gentleman with the wild hair, who glares at him from a passing hansom? Is it of a bit of a nursemaid, to be met presently at Hyde Park Corner, who will lift a saucy chin, and cause an innocent blush to mantle Tommy's cheek? Is it simply of nothing at all? A blessed vacancy, I venture to suggest, is the normal dimension of Tommy's mind. With that figure and gait, and a cap at that angle, no man can or ought to think. One of the objects of the State in taking the young sapling from the forest and putting him into a uniform, is to protect him from the ravages of thought. He is sent out for walking-exercise, not, as M. Daudet supposes, to insult civilisation and overawe the self-respecting toiler of the pen, but to be saved from taking root and becoming a tree again. If our distinguished visitor had been young enough to execute the threat of meeting Tommy face to face, and giving him to understand that he was detestable, the petrified soldier would have been literally rooted to the spot—he would have turned green, and, in a few days, the singular spectacle of tender foliage budding from a scarlet tunic would have greeted the gaze of the inquiring naturalist.

It is true that Daudet's fantastic animus against Tommy was shared by a great English writer, who happened one day to be looking at the Queen and Prince Albert, when a Grenadier's "hairy cap" interrupted his view. So he went home and liberated his soul in some indignant stanzas—

Go to! I hate him and his trade:
Who bade us so to cringe and bend,
And all God's peaceful people made
To such as him subservient?

I never could see in what this subservience consists. When he marches, in full panoply, accompanied by trumpeting, Tommy makes a welcome spectacle. He may even have his demi-godlike moments for that bit of a nursemaid. But it would be difficult to find him enthroned before a grovelling community—say in a theatre, where his uniform is often refused admission, or in a public-house, where he cannot even command the humble pint. "It's 'Thank you, Mr. Atkins,' when the band begins to play"; but, at other times, not even bare civility, much less subservience, is Tommy's social portion; and, if it were not for his pride in a noble form, what would sustain his intrepid spirit?

While Daudet was in the mood for descanting upon British arrogance, it is a mercy that Henry James did not take him to the Serpentine some afternoon when a stiffish breeze was blowing, and young salts, with their weather-eyes open, were careful to keep their small craft hugging the shore. On such an afternoon the pennon of the S.M.Y.C. is hoisted, and the whole array of the Serpentine Model Yacht Club is flaunted in the teeth of any discontented foreigner who may chance to be a spectator of this marine glory. Eight or ten yachts, with gorgeous brass keels, are launched by sturdy seamen with long poles; and as with swelling canvas the haughty ship races through the foam, the navigator runs a quarter of a mile or so, perchance to intercept her when driven by the capricious tempest against the stone-work of the little bridge, or to receive her triumphantly on the opposite shore. I say it is well that Daudet did not witness this exhibition of British supremacy on the seas, or we might have had a fervid philippic against the insolence which our seafaring people have inherited from piratical Vikings.

Fortunately, our French observers do not confine their studies to our militant side. Daudet is haunted by the vast and mysterious silence of London. The lady who calls herself Brada in the sprightly "Notes sur Londres," is charmed by the infantine poetry which lurks in our squares. In the æsthetic economy of our Metropolis the square serves as a sort of natural spring, at which the dusty wayfarer on the road of commerce, politics, or fashion renews his childhood with a draught of pure simplicity. I have never seen our squares in this aspect before, and since I read Brada I have wandered through them, from Bedford to Cadogan, expecting to feel my tongue kindling with nursery rhymes and Dr. Watts. Ages ago I dwelt in the square of Torrington without any special sense of its poetic glamour. I never ramble that way now without bethinking me of a nervous landlady who, when I was laid up with a cold, firmly believed it was "something catching," and opened the door just wide enough to thrust in her arm with letters and parcels. Certainly there was no poetry in that long, lean limb, which made a ghostly appearance, as if no body were attached to it, and as if, indeed, it were an arm-of-all-work, sent from a registry office in the other world to do odd jobs in the household. As I pass a certain door I see quite distinctly this inscription on the panel: "Sacred to the memory of an Arm which, in ministrations to graceless lodgers, wore itself to the Bone, and is now describing elegant curves among the Elbows of the Blest."

Miles of squares have I vainly explored in the search for this font of primitive inspiration. Russell Square has an odour of decayed Consols; Eaton Square is like a large and vacuous eye with no eyebrow; Cadogan Square seems to be always thinking of dinner, dressing for dinner, going out to dinner in a stream of cabs, of gorgeous cloaks, and spotless ties; Hyde Park Square has the freshness of a trim-built housemaid in a new ribbon. Perhaps Brada has peculiar ideas of poetry, for I notice that she describes Mr. Henry Arthur Jones as "le poète Jones, disciple et continuateur de Swinburne." After that there is nothing for the pilgrim but to betake himself to prose, and I seek refreshment in Brada's eulogy of the London omnibus, which is so much more accessible than the Paris omnibus, because you can enter it by sheer physical prowess. Perhaps Brada has never engaged in the pitched battles of Oxford Circus, where the umbrella, in the hands of a stalwart matron, is like the axe of William the Conqueror at Hastings, and cleaves a way up the omnibus steps through the obstructive bodies of struggling foewomen. There may be no infantine poesy here, but there is great politeness of manners. Does not Brada assure us that the English in general are infinitely more polished than the French?

Observation, after all, is an affair not so much of vision as of temperament, and when Burns longed for the "giftie" to see ourselves as others see us, he fell into unphilosophical confusion. When we note what others actually make of our virtues and shortcomings, there is really no temptation to envy their perception. M. Augustin Filon, who has written a preface to Brada's volume, and who has devoted considerable attention to our manners and customs, gravely asserts that members of the House of Commons greet their opponents by imitating the cries of animals. Brada tells us that one sign of the deterioration of our manners is the practice of kissing on the stage. On the other hand, M. Daudet has made the valuable discovery that the ordinary ties of respect and affection are not unknown in this country. A lady told him quite simply that, though she had lost her money, she had not lost her friends; and he calls this "very significant." It is as if he should say, "I have rectified some preconceived ideas about the English. I find they do not eat their grandmothers; nor is it customary among them to expose their new-born infants on the house-tops to the clemency of their merry month of May. The instincts of civilised humanity in this island are not less striking, perhaps, than in the artistic quarter of Paris, where I live and write novels. I shall certainly write a novel on this extraordinary experience."

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TO

BOULOGNE and back, Charing Cross dep. 3.5 p.m., Cannon Street 3.12 p.m., London Bridge 3.16 p.m., New Cross 3.22 p.m. 21s. (First Class), 12s. 6d. (Third Class), Saturday, June 1. Returning at 4.30 p.m. on Bank Holiday. Cheap tickets will also be issued on May 31 and June 1 available until June 5, 30s. (First Class), 25s. (Second Class) 19s. (Third Class).

BRUSSELS and back, via Calais, Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 8.0 a.m. or 8.15 p.m., 54s. (First Class), 40s. 6d. (Second Class), 25s. 9d. (Third Class, and by 8.15 p.m. Train only), May 30 to June 3 inclusive. Tickets available for 8 days.

BRUSSELS and back, via Ostend, Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 8 a.m., 5.35 p.m. (First and Second Class only), and 8.15 p.m. 40s. 7d. (First Class), 30s. 1d. (Second Class), 19s. 11d. (Third Class), May 30 to June 3 inclusive. Tickets available for 8 days.

CALAIS and back on Bank Holiday. Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 8 a.m., 17s. 6d. (First Class), 12s. 6d. (Third Class). Cheap Tickets will also be issued May 31 and June 1, available until June 5, 31s. (First Class), 26s. (Second Class), 20s. (Third Class). Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets will be issued on June 1.

OSTEND and back, Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 8 a.m., 5.35 and 8.15 p.m., 32s. 6d. (First Class), 25s. 6d. (Second Class), May 30 to June 3. Tickets available for 8 days.

PARIS and back, Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 8.15 p.m., 37s. 6d. (Second Class), 30s. (Third Class), May 30 to June 3. Tickets available for 14 days.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS TO

ROCHESTER, CHATHAM, SHEERNESS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, DEAL, WALMER, ASHFORD, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCIFFE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c., from LONDON and NEW CROSS. Fares there and back (Third Class)—

WHIT-SUNDAY.	s. d.	WHIT-MONDAY.	s. d.
ASHFORD	3 0	ASHFORD	3 6
HYTHE and SANDGATE	3 6	TUNBRIDGE WELLS	4 0
OTHER STATIONS	4 0	OTHER STATIONS	5 0
ROCHESTER, CHATHAM, and SHEERNESS 2s. 6d.			

SPECIAL TRAINS for HAYES, BLACKHEATH, GREENWICH, GRAVESEND (for ROSHERVILLE GARDENS), &c.

Children under Twelve, Half Fares.

Various Special Alterations and Arrangements. Continental and Mail Services as usual. For particulars of the Extension of time for Return Tickets, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme.

MYLES FENTON, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

On FRIDAY, MAY 31, a Special Train will leave Euston Station at 6.25 p.m. for Holyhead and Ireland. On SATURDAY, JUNE 1, a Special Express Train will leave Euston Station at 4.25 p.m. for Birmingham, calling at Willesden Junction and Coventry only. A Special Express will leave Willesden at 2.57 p.m. for Bletchley, Wolverton, Blisworth, Weedon, Welton, Rugby, principal Trent Valley Stations, and Stafford. THE DINING SALOONS, MANCHESTER to LONDON, will not run on SATURDAY, JUNE 1. On SUNDAY, JUNE 2, Special Trains will leave Euston at 8.55 a.m. and 10.10 a.m. for Watford, King's Langley, Boxmoor, Berkhamsted, Tring, and Cheddington. On WHIT-MONDAY, JUNE 3, the 12 noon and 4 p.m. trains from Euston will leave at 12.10 noon and 4.10 p.m. respectively. The 4.30 p.m. train from Euston will not be run; passengers will be conveyed by the 5 p.m. train, except those for Peterborough, Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, and the G.N. line, who must on this date travel by the 3.15 p.m. train from Euston. THE DINING SALOONS between LONDON and LIVERPOOL, and from LONDON to MANCHESTER, will not run on WHIT-MONDAY, JUNE 3, but the DINING CARS, MANCHESTER to LONDON, and the CORRIDOR DINING CAR TRAINS between LONDON and EDINBURGH and GLASGOW will run as usual. Numerous residential trains will not be run.

For further particulars see special notices issued by the Company.

Euston Station, May, 1895.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP THIRD CLASS EXCURSION TICKETS are issued DAILY by certain Trains from PADDINGTON, Westbourne Park, Kensington (Addison Road), Uxbridge Road, Hammer-smith, Shepherd's Bush, Latimer Road, Notting Hill, and also from CERTAIN STATIONS on the METROPOLITAN and DISTRICT RAILWAYS to the undermentioned stations, at fares shown, available to return on the day of issue only—

	s. d.		s. d.		s. d.
Staines	2 0	Cookham	3 6	Tilehurst	6 0
Windsor	2 6	Bourne End	3 6	Pangbourne	6 0
Taplow	3 0	Great Marlow	3 6	Goring	6 0
Maidenhead	3 0	Shiplake	3 6	Cholsey and Moulsoford	6 6
Burnham Beeches	3 6	Henley	3 6	Wallingford	7 0
(commencing June 1).		(not on Sundays).			

SIMILAR TICKETS are issued (commencing June 1) to these Stations (except to Tilehurst, Pangbourne, Goring, Cholsey and Moulsoford, and Wallingford) from CERTAIN STATIONS on the NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

For full particulars, see pamphlet.

HY. LAMBERT, General Manager.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY.

via HARWICH and ESBJERG. The Steamers of the United Steamship Company of Copenhagen sail from Harwich (Parkeston Quay) for Esbjerg every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 9 a.m., returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9.5 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return Fares: Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the Steamships Koldinghuus and Nidaros. These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers, and carry no cattle. For further information address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

A CHAT WITH M. LÉON DAUDET.

"Among the younger writers I see none of more promise than the eldest son of my friend Alphonse Daudet." So spoke, some three years ago, M. Edmond de Goncourt, in answer to a query respecting his opinion of the newer schools of French literature.



M. LÉON DAUDET.

The author of "Germinie Lacerteux" has seen his utterance justified. M. Léon Daudet is now known far and wide by his powerful *exposé* of the Parisian medical clinique, and although a devoted admirer of both his father's and his mother's literary gifts, his work has, up to the present, contained no echoes of the parental style.

I found M. Léon Daudet (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) sitting with his father, who is, as all the world knows by this time, quite enchanted with all he has seen of London and Londoners.

"This is not my first visit to London," observed the younger of my two hosts; "but, during my former glimpse of England,

I devoted most of my time to going through a number of your great hospitals, notably St. Thomas's, Guy's, and St. George's. I studied medicine for nine years, so, of course, a hospital interests me greatly."

"And how did our hospitals strike you compared with Parisian ones?"

M. Daudet hesitated. "In many ways, as being very superior; but the French system is so utterly different that comparisons are rendered, if not odious, at least difficult. For instance, in England a surgeon is also a doctor; and Paget—who, I suppose, we all acknowledge to be the greatest surgeon in the world—has also, I understand, a large practice of the ordinary kind. Now, abroad, a surgeon only performs operations, and there is acute jealousy between the two branches of the profession."

"Wasn't your last book an attack on the French medical world?"

"Those who either thought or said that," he answered quietly, "made a great mistake. 'Les Morticoles' was, in reality, an essay against Positivism and modern science, and not an attack upon any particular class of workers. I used the medical world as a background partly because I knew a great deal about it, and also because the evils brought about by science are more apparent there than in most other centres of modern life. Within a few days of its publication, I received between four and five hundred anonymous letters, full of frightful abuse."

"Then is 'Les Morticoles' only a fantasy?"

"You are mistaken," he replied quickly; "a great deal of what I described was absolutely true to life. Listen! I should have liked to have placed, as preface to 'Les Morticoles,' an engraving of Hogarth's striking picture, 'The Reward of Cruelty.'"

"There is no love lost between your old profession and yourself?"

"There is no nobler existence to be led than one passed in healing or alleviating suffering; but, on the other hand, nowhere will you find more charlatans than in the medical profession."

"You have, up to the present, cast your work in a more or less allegorical form; you do not share your father's intense love for reality?"

"I admit," he answered, "that I have always wished rather to express ideas and expound theories than to tell a story. My first book, 'Germes et Poussière,' was distinctly philosophical. In 'L'Astre Noir,' I attempted to trace the career of a great man surrounded by a flock of disciples; but now I am writing a serial, which is coming out in the *Nouvelle Revue*, and which deals entirely with modern life: my first plunge—I speak in a literary sense—into Parisian society. The story, which is called 'Les Kamtchatka,' is really a strong satire against the more affected schools of modern French literature."

"You seem, Monsieur, to share Don Quixote's love of tilting."

"No—I'm not invariably employed in exposing my neighbours' follies. It will probably surprise you to learn that I am now busily engaged on a book to be called 'Le Voyage de Shakspeare,' in which I describe, as you will probably have guessed by the title, a journey made by the Bard of Avon to several of the places he later immortalised in his dramas. I myself went this winter, step by step, the journey I make Shakspeare go."

"I suppose, then, that you are a great Shaksperian student?"

"Yes, and especially of 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.' That play, or, perhaps, I should rather say, that character, absolutely fascinates me."

"And do you offer any new reading of the part?"

"I take Goethe's view—namely, that the Prince was not adequate for the task he set himself; and I imagine him to have been inspired much as was Baudelaire when he wrote—

Je sortirai quant à moi satisfait d'un monde
Où l'action n'est pas la sœur du rêve.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Stay-at-home bookmakers have learnt a lesson over the Jubilee Stakes' victory of Victor Wild, and they have resolved, on all future big races, to limit the prices to be paid against winners. I heard a capital story of one big bookmaker in the City who did well over Victor Wild. He would not take a penny "S. P." on Victor Wild, but agreed to lay 8 to 1 right out against the horse on the morning of the race. He then found himself with so much Victor Wild money on the book that he went to the club and laid it all out at "S. P." and on the following Monday he received 20 to 1 for his money, and cleared several thousands.

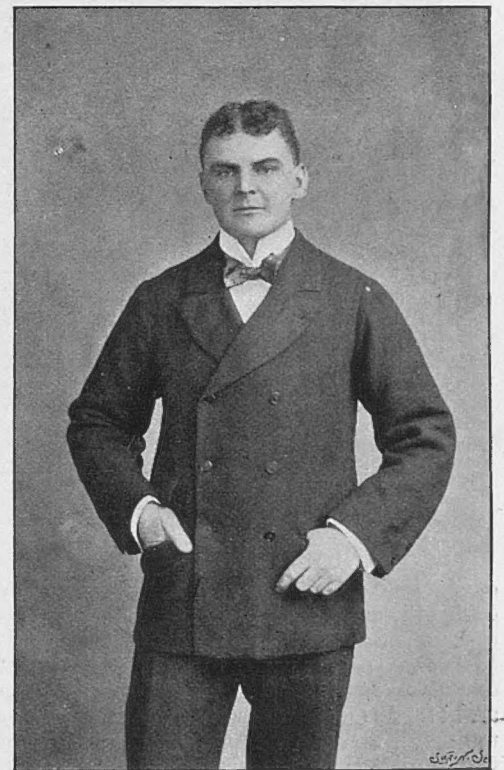
The annual grumble about the issuing of the Royal Enclosure tickets at Ascot is to hand. I have always thought that the passes should be put up to auction and sold to the highest bidders. Then the officials could add a few more thousands to the already richly endowed races at the meeting. Or, better still, so that all the members of the "Upper Ten" should be allowed to have a share in the Royal Enclosure, why not go through the list of applications as they arrive, and grant permits strictly in order until all had been satisfied? Of course, those entering the Enclosure this year would go to the bottom of the list, and their turn would not come again before, say, 1900.

One objection to the holding of Monday race-meetings is the fact that the cards have to be printed and bound on the Sunday. However, I am glad to learn that this does not always prevail. For instance, the overnight races for the Hurst Park meeting on Monday close as early as three o'clock next Saturday, so that many thousands of race-cards may be printed and bound before twelve midnight. The poor stable-lads and jockeys, who have to travel on Sundays, get little pity shown them, but they hate Monday racing, and so do many of the reporters and bookmakers.

The Manchester Handicap is a very open race, and it may be that the speculation on this event will be good. Florizel II., without a penalty, might have won this race for the Prince of Wales, and, as it is, he will run a great horse. The Yankees are, it is said, contemplating another *coup* with Banquet II., but he will have to beat something better than Selling Platers this journey. Reminder will run well, but, as Admiral Rous once said, "Weight will bring a horse and a donkey together," and Reminder is overweighted. I think at present that Rodomont will gain an easy victory if he will only give his running.

Early in the present season, an announcement appeared in the *Racing Calendar* to the effect that Mr. Charles W. Tayleur had been granted a licence as handicapper, thus enabling him to adjust weights

for horses running under the Rules of Racing. It goes without saying that Mr. Tayleur had enjoyed plenty of practice in the somewhat onerous duties of handicapping before obtaining his licence from the Stewards, and for the past two years he has been coached upon the subject by that excellently good judge, Mr. R. K. Mainwaring. Mr. Tayleur himself comes from a good old Shropshire family, and was born in the verdant county referred to thirty-one years ago. At twenty, he went to America, and, after doing racing in Eastern and Western States, started rearing thoroughbreds; but prices fell, and he returned to England. After a couple of seasons at home, Mr. Tayleur went out to South Africa, where he was a member of the Johannesburg and Kimberley Racing Clubs, picking up a good deal of knowledge of the turf in Austral Africa, until the first expedition into Mashonaland, when he became one of the now famous Pioneers. Mr. Tayleur knows much about horses, having ridden thoroughbreds, Basuto ponies, and American mustangs. He is a fine judge of form, is a most assiduous student of everything appertaining to racing, and not a few of us believe that he is destined to occupy a very high position on the turf.



MR. TAYLEUR.

Photo by T. Fall, Baker Street, W.

The Midland Railway Company are to run trains on to-morrow week (midnight) to Manchester for the races, returning on the Saturday following.

THE DERBY.

It seems only yesterday that those peculiar people called "sporting men"—who must not, however, be confounded with "sportsmen"—were uttering oracular prophecies concerning the Boat-race, and were telling us, with extreme gravity, that So-and-so in the one boat or the other was "Nothing but a passenger, Sir—merely a passenger!" who would for certain "wreck the ship" unless he "took care what he was about." Now these same men are talking, with equal assurance, about the famous race to be decided at Epsom to-day, and a week or two hence they will, no doubt, be discoursing even more learnedly upon the subject of cricket. But whether they know at all what they are talking about is a different matter. To judge from the majority of their remarks, one would say they do not. It is easy to converse, apparently cleverly, about ringbones, naviculars, spavins, and similar equine atrocities, but when it comes to speaking with knowledge of horse-racing the tables are completely turned.

At clubs of importance, however, among which may be included the Service clubs, two of the leading civilian clubs, and one sporting club,

of high standing. Such statements not only mislead the public, but often give rise to a vast amount of unpleasantness between private persons, not to mention the serious extent to which they sometimes affect the market.

And now, with regard to selecting the winner. The more we study the present form and previous performances of each competitor, and the more we listen to the conflicting opinions expressed by leading authorities, the more complicated the puzzle becomes—the harder it seems to say, with any degree of certainty, what horse is likely to win this, one of the most open Derbys upon record. From private information that has reached me, however, concerning a certain secret trial made lately—but not yet, to my knowledge, referred to in any newspaper—which was won in a canter by the Duke of Portland's brown colt Troon, brother to Ayrshire, I shall pin my faith on this outsider, though a well-known individual, who, in the historic year, gave me Sir Hugo as the correct tip, and recently has, upon several occasions, been equally successful in his selections, declares that Mr. Houldsworth's bay colt Laveno is going to romp in "hands down." It is a thousand pities that the Prince of Wales has not a fairly good colt, as all racegoers would like to see the royal colours to the fore for the Blue Riband of the Turf. The



SOLARO.—OWNED BY MR. FAIRIE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARENCE HAILLEY, NEWMARKET.

opinions about the Derby differ from one another considerably. Not during the last ten years has it been so generally acknowledged that nobody can prophesy, with any degree of certainty, what will win. Though Kirkconnel, owing partly to the capital condition that he was in on the day of his Two Thousand victory, has still many warm supporters, there are several reasons why we are bound to feel doubtful about his success to-day. Naturally, the training which he had just undergone for the City and Suburban before he won the Two Thousand was, to a great extent, responsible for his looking so fit on that day. Still, it must be remembered that he only won by barely a length. As for The Owl, the accident which he met with in his stable at Newmarket on Thursday night is said to be more serious than it was at first supposed to be, and consequently his chance, which at the beginning of last week was fairly good, seems now to be practically extinguished. Indeed, it is said to be doubtful whether he will start. Sir Blundell Maple is, of course, much put out at the unexpected stroke of ill-luck, though he would have been even more vexed had the accident befallen Kirkconnel. The rumour circulated a day or two ago to the effect that Solaro was likely to be scratched, I am able to contradict flatly. It would be well, indeed, if steps were taken by a few of the leading patrons of the Turf to put a stop to the generally ill-founded and often utterly false assertions of this sort that of late seem to be increasing in number, and several of which have been published in newspapers

three-year-olds are voted moderate, and it may be anybody's race. If Jewitt is right in his contention that the Guineas running was all wrong, then we must look for the victory of Raconteur, for he was the best two-year-old seen out last season.

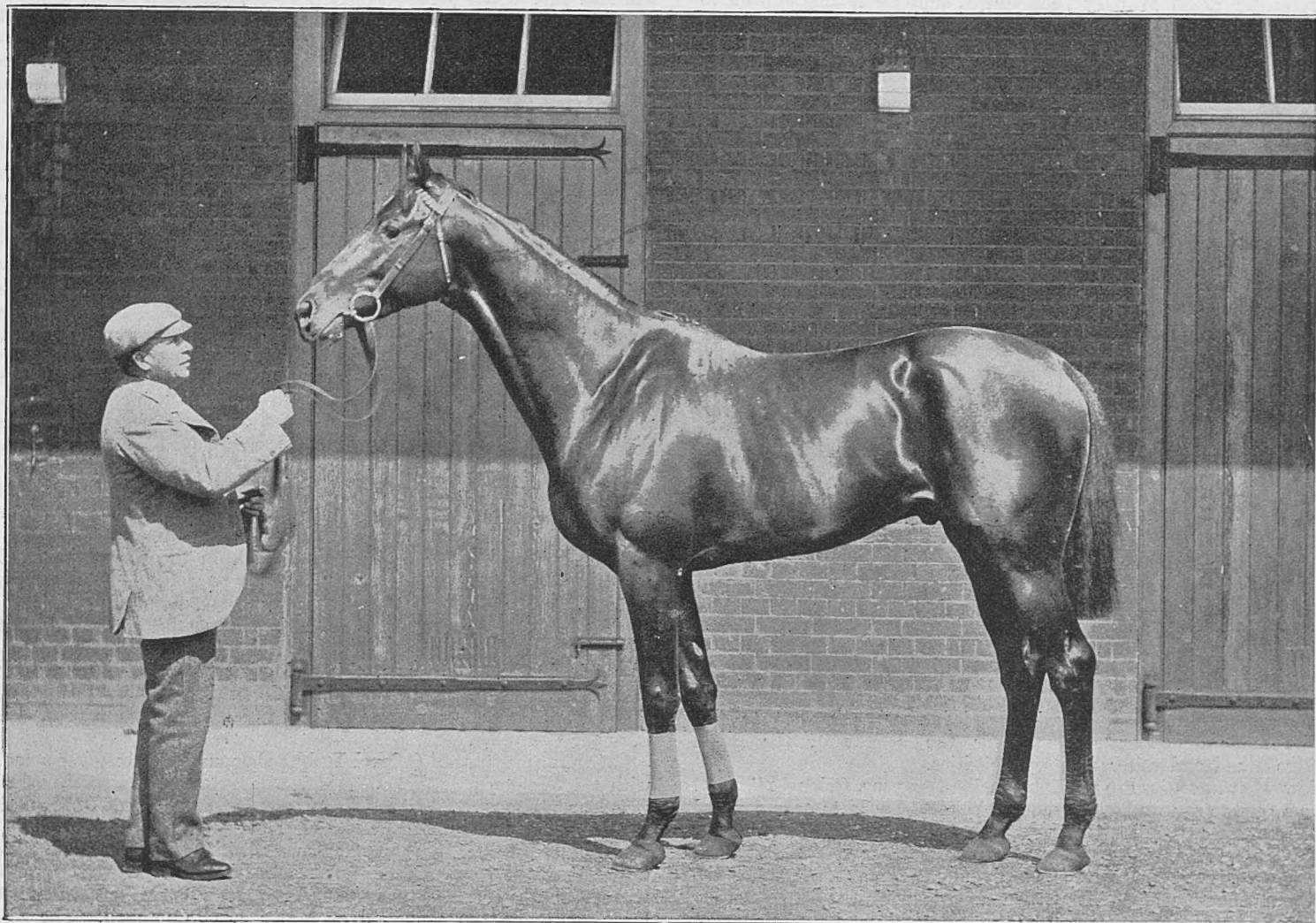
Mr. H. M. Dorling, J.P., who is practically the head and forefront of the Epsom meeting, is highly popular in the old town, where he holds many offices. Some racing reporters take exception to Mr. Dorling's business methods, but, in my opinion, he is one of the most successful and popular racing officials in England. As a handicapper he is highly successful, and as an organiser he comes off trumps. Mr. Dorling has a strong aversion to deadheads, and no one can get a free pass for Epsom who is not entitled to it. Mr. Dorling treats his critics with civility, but he does not give them chicken and champagne.

It is surprising how few of the general public sleep at Epsom for the Derby meeting. Beyond the touts, trainers, and jockeys, no racing men remain in the town of salts for the night. The jockeys, by-the-bye, have to be housed somewhere, and, as the accommodation in the town is limited, they fasten on to the trainers and other private residents. The jockeys, it must be admitted, give some trouble, as they have to be called at six o'clock each morning. Then the cup of tea and biscuit must be at hand, and after that a pony-trap has to be at the door to take the fashionable rider on to the course, where he has to put in work at morning exercise.

B. T.

DERBY FAVOURITES.

Photographs by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.



KIRKCONNEL.—OWNED BY SIR. J. B. MAPLE.



THE OWL.—OWNED BY SIR J. B. MAPLE.

THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

With becoming modesty, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Tully, the courteous secretary to the Royal Military Tournament, deprecated any allusion to his services as I chatted with him on the eve of the opening day of this year's display (writes a representative of *The Sketch*). Indeed, there is no need to do so, the splendid organisation of the arrangements being sufficiently eloquent of his indefatigable attention to the smallest detail. "The whole business runs so smoothly from the fact, I believe, that we have so few changes in the personnel of the organising staff—therefore, the work becomes one of mere routine, while we all work cheerfully together for the common cause," Colonel Tully remarked.

Then he referred to the inception of these Tournaments, first at Lillie Bridge, afterwards on Wimbledon Common, and, finally, to the brilliant series of displays at the Agricultural Hall, of which the present one makes the sixteenth, especially dwelling on the years when the practical use of every kind of machine-gun was earliest demonstrated, the system of physical drill was first exhibited, and the visits of the Victorian Mounted Rifles, of the Fencing Instructors of France and Italy, of the gymnastic staff of the Danish Army, among other events of a like nature, gave variety and increasing interest to this admirable mode of collecting funds for the benefit of the Royal Cambridge Fund and other military charities.

"Now what novelties are you introducing this year, Colonel?"

"I am glad to say we have several. We had hoped to have counted among these the attraction of the attendance of a detachment of the Regular Cavalry of the United States Army, but their visit is postponed to next year. However, we are favoured by the smart display of the gymnastic instructors of the Egyptian Army among the items hailing from abroad. A great feature will be the historical display of the arms, accoutrements, and uniforms for the last four hundred years, divided into six epochs, from the pikemen of Elizabeth's time, with weapons sixteen feet long, down to modern times. The pikemen of 1572, in buff leather jerkins, breeches, and hose, and black felt hats, with a party of the King's Own, dating 1685, will certainly make their mark. The buff of



COLONEL TULLY.

Photo by T. C. Turner, Finsbury Park, N.

the train-bands will be seen in its original entirety, but now, in 1895, only indicated by the present 'facings' of the ancient corps. The old firelock-drill will be certainly amusing. The 3rd Hussars, who have had former experience in their historical display at Dublin, and the Buffs, will take part in this portion of the exhibition."

"Have you not made considerable alteration in the 'fit-up' of the Hall?"

"I should rather think so! We have entirely removed the seats from one end of the Hall, in order to give, this year, a still more remarkable and extended display of all arms in our latest military 'sketch' of a sortie by British troops, from the protection of a zereba, in an attack on a stockade held by Zulus in full war-paint. The Engineers will construct a pontoon bridge, and the smart handling of a mountain mule-battery from the dépôt at Newport, in Wales, will be most interesting in association with the recent expedition to the relief of Chitral."

"These exhibitions seem to serve so many ends?"

"You are quite right. In the first place, they have already contributed £34,000 to military charities, beyond the reserve fund against a 'rainy day'; they bring the public face to face with every branch of our Army at the same place and hour—a unique occasion in itself; and they aid recruiting to an extraordinary extent by popularising the service. Here, in this hall, you get a very good idea of the way the men live and feed, while the spick-and-span state of every branch of equipment cannot fail to elicit admiration. No less than fifteen hundred men, three hundred horses, and sixteen guns are employed in our display."

"How do you select your competitors?"

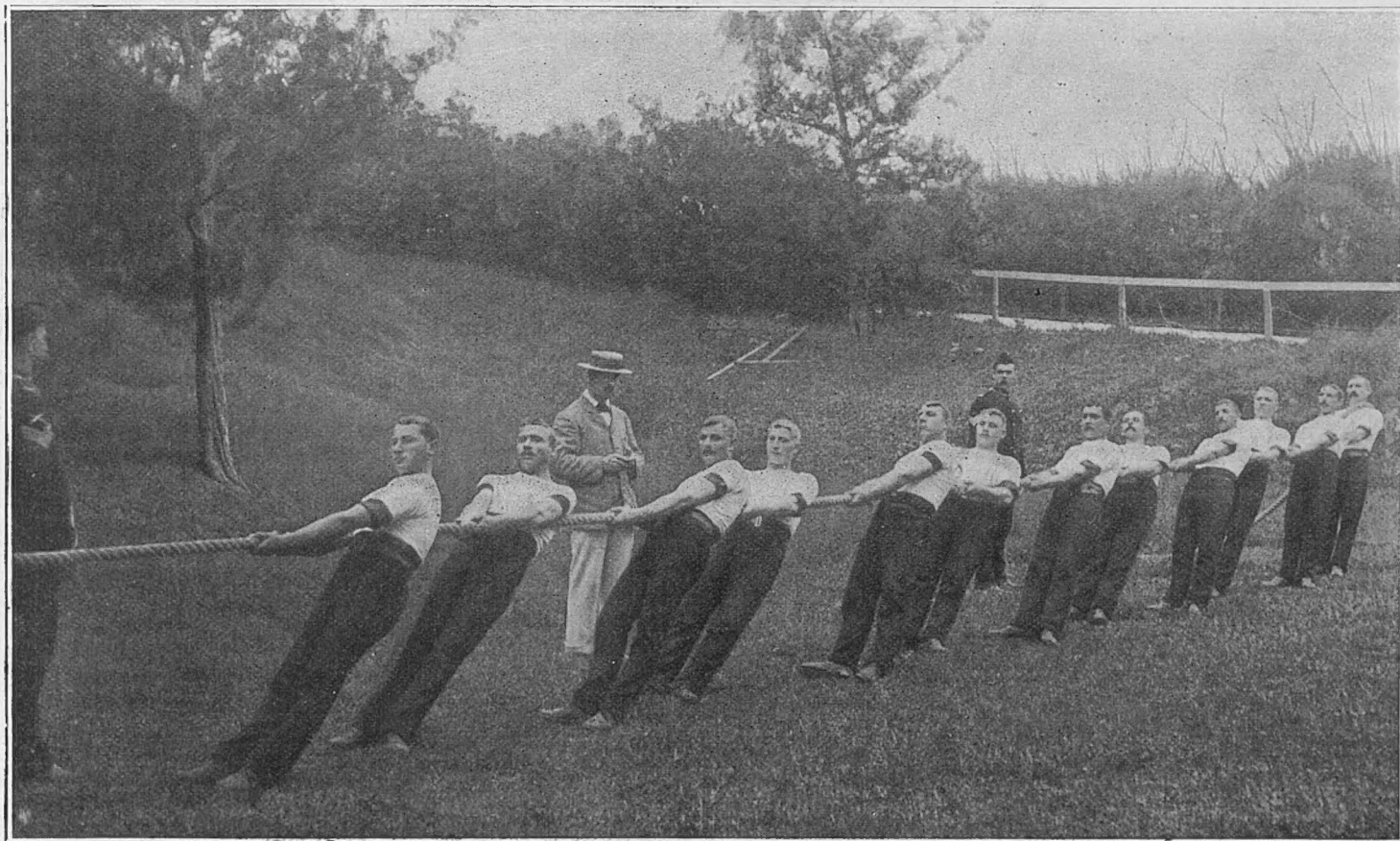
"Throughout the year our committee offers regimental and district prizes. The victors in these latter contests form the body of the competitors at the Agricultural Hall, so that here you see the cream of the British Army in all feats of strength and skill in the use of arms. The 'double ride' of one or other of our cavalry regiments, commenced here in 1882, we count among the most popular items of our programme."

"I suppose this country alone affords a public exhibition of this kind?"

"Absolutely. Of course, this and other countries are on different footings. We have no conscription as they have abroad, while here the military service is not so directly under the eyes of the inhabitants as it is on the Continent."

Then the presence of Colonel Tully, so honourably known in connection with the Women's Jubilee Offering, which represented between three and four millions of feminine contributions from all parts of the British Empire, was required elsewhere, and we shook hands.

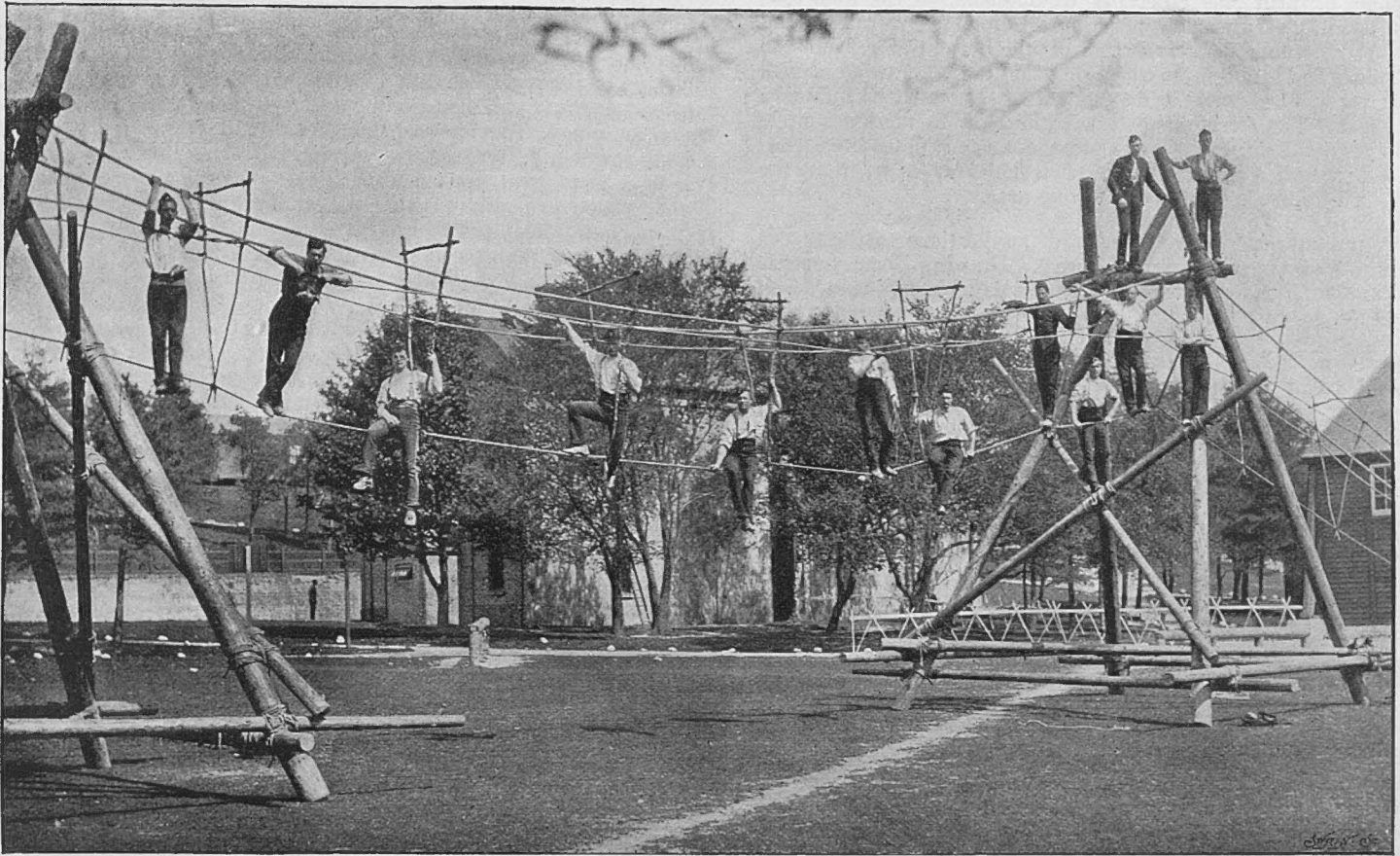
Apropos of the Tournament, I may mention that the 11th (Field) Company of the Royal Engineers, stationed at the Curragh Camp, have recently been carrying out some interesting operations in military bridging, under the command of Major J. C. Campbell. The photographs on the opposite page show two of the bridges they constructed. The rope suspension-bridge is a type of the rapid form of these improvised structures, while the pontoon bridge constructed over the River Liffey is an example of a light-infantry bridge, generally in use with the advanced guard of an army.



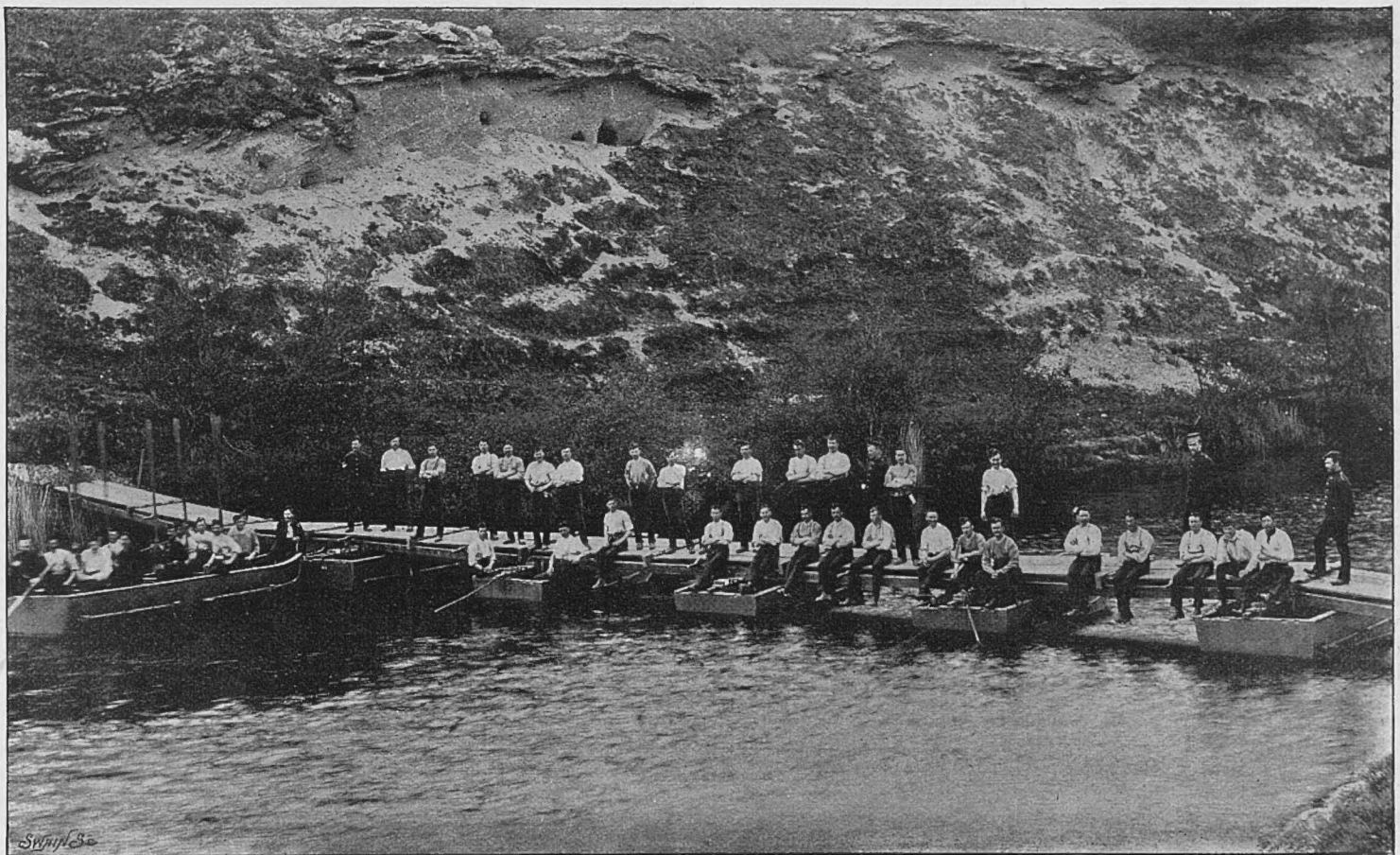
1ST BATTALION (PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES'S) ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT,
WINNERS OF THE ARMY & NAVY TUG-OF-WAR, BERMUDA, APRIL 16.

WORK BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS AT THE CURRAGH CAMP.

Photographs by W. Brown, Lower Tooting, S.W.



ROPE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.



PONTOON BRIDGE.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen's decision last week to postpone her departure for Scotland caused an immense amount of trouble, as every preparation had been made for the journey, and all the arrangements had, of course, to be cancelled. To the various railway companies over which the royal train passes, this sudden change of plan was especially troublesome, as the numerous precautions taken to ensure a "free line" for the royal special necessitates considerable disorganisation of the local traffic, and the requisite changes had all been provided for when the notification arrived that the journey was postponed. The arrival of Nasrulla Khan was a convenient pretext for this sudden determination, but to the inner circle it is known that the desire to do honour to the Eastern potentate in our midst was subservient to certain political troubles at home that the Queen's personal influence was needed to tide over.

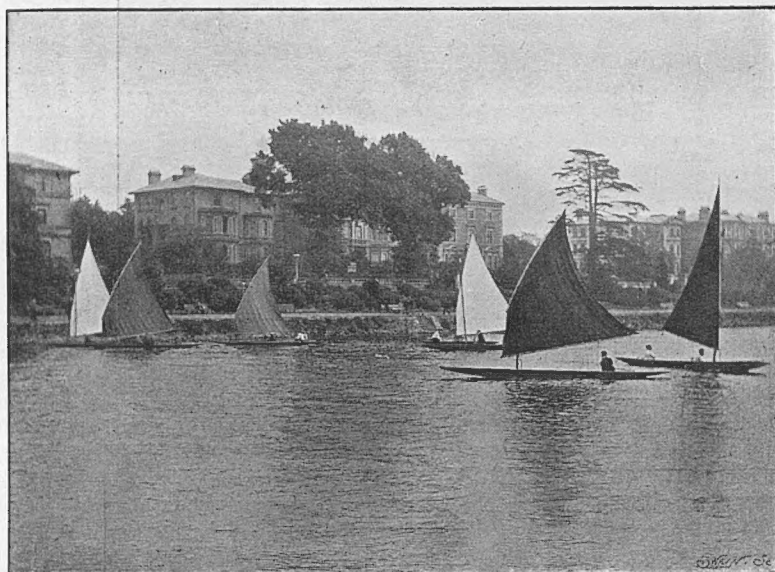
There was an unusually large number of applications to the Queen for special grant of the *entrée* for last week's Drawing-Room, but her Majesty only allowed the privilege—"for that day only"—to a dozen ladies altogether.

The Princess of Wales has not been very well for some weeks, and she has also been greatly worried by certain private "bothers." Had she followed her own inclinations, she would have gone abroad, and spent the early summer with her parents; but, in deference to the

which were always a proverb at Albert Gate during the Waddington administration have lost nothing under the present *régime*. Not to know those who sit behind the orange-and-blue liveries every afternoon in the Park may now indeed be fairly said to argue yourself unknown.

"Culture" has blotted out, to an extent, that family joy the *enfant terrible*. But a few children who are allowed the benefit of their natural bent still happily survive, and it was my good fortune to meet one at a country house some weeks ago where a royal visitor was being entertained for some neighbouring political function. The talk turned at luncheon on the recently started Bath Club, when our host's small son created somewhat of a diversion by asking Prince A. if he had a cold tub every morning. The answer, though affirmative, was not explanatory enough evidently, for the boy presently asked, in his clear treble, "Does a maid give you your bath every morning?" A smile went round, which evidently puzzled the urchin. He was thoughtful for a moment, but quickly brightened up: "Father says you're a prince," he announced, "so perhaps you have a Maid-of-Honour?" After which we entirely succumbed, and the son and heir was gently led away.

The first match of the Thames Punt-Sailing Club was sailed on Saturday week, over the long course at Kingston Reach, starting from the upper buoy opposite the Surbiton Promenade, and round a buoy above Kingston Bridge, a distance of about seven miles and a half. Ten punts competed, La Chiquita getting off first, with Dachshund close under her lee, followed



THE START.



FIRST TIME DOWN.

THE THAMES PUNT-SAILING CLUB RACES AT KINGSTON.

Photographs by Messrs. Russell, Baker Street, W.

Queen's wishes, she remains in England for the present. The Princess would not hold the Drawing-Room last week because of the expected presence there of a certain personage whom she declines to meet.

The Levée which the Prince of Wales held at St. James's Palace on Monday was the function of the year in that respect, there being an immense number of presentations and a very full attendance. There is to be one more Levée later on in the season, which will probably be held by the Duke of York.

The Duke and Duchess of York returned to York House, St. James's Palace, last week, from visiting the Queen at Windsor, and will remain in town until the Whitsun holidays. Since the Duke and Duchess took this house over they have made great improvements, but its chief drawback is that all the principal rooms look out on Cleveland Row—a dreary street into which the sun's rays never penetrate. The dining-room, on the ground floor, is a very comfortable apartment, with a high white wooden dado and pale-yellow paper; while there is a delightful old-fashioned fireplace in a kind of alcove, with two deep recesses on either side. There are two fine drawing-rooms on the first floor, and one of these rooms contains a wonderful collection of most valuable old French furniture, the property of the Crown. The Duke of York's apartments adjoin the Lord Chamberlain's offices, above which is the official residence of the Comptroller of that department. The kitchens and offices are admirably arranged, and there is ample accommodation for the household and servants.

The son of the Ameer, if he goes to Sheffield, is likely to inspect the works of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, in conjunction with those of Messrs. Charles Cammell and Co., by whom he is to be entertained. Messrs. Mappin and Webb have also received a note from Sir Francis De Winton, in which he conveys to the work-people the thanks of the Duchess of York for the loyal sentiments expressed by their present.

The French Ambassadress and her three bright, handsome girls are rapidly becoming central figures in Society, and the splendid hospitalities

by Io, Dabehick, Kathleen, and the others. The Dachshund soon outwinded La Chiquita, Dabehick following suit, and these three soon widened out a long lead. The Dabehick just headed the Dachshund on the first run up, and the two made a hard fight for first place. In the third round, when going to windward, the Dabehick got well ahead, maintaining her lead to the finish, and winning by 4 min. 5 sec. Dachshund was second, and La Chiquita third, followed by Io, Kathleen, Mosquito, Red Wings, and the others. Mr. Burgoine, of Hampton Wick, acted as officer of the day, and Mr. Walter Johnson was timekeeper.

The fashions of 1895 should certainly go down to posterity in the annals of millinery as the embodiment of garish vulgarity. Such head-gear as the ladies wear nowadays would have been pronounced a few short years ago as the height of bad taste in the most ideal of 'Arriets! Only a few days since, lunching with a man friend at a well-known West-End restaurant, we were quite upset by the blaze of crude colours at the next table, where three fashionable ladies were taking their mid-day refreshment. Imagine a plateau of grass-green straw, at the back of it a vast bow of magenta ribbon, while on the front and sides grew huge bunches of an aggressive-coloured violet, such as Nature, heaven be praised! never produced—that was number one. Number two wore a bonnet made of yellow lace, on which reposed two salmon-coloured bows of moderate dimensions, and at the back sprang an enormous clump of splendidly developed cornflowers, their hue the crudest blue, and their foliage a green violent enough to have been bound over to keep the peace before any stipendiary magistrate. Number three was somewhat less startling, for she was in half-mourning, but the white straw hat of vast size which she wore was disfigured as much as possible with enormous bows of white, among which flourished in the strangest manner weird black blooms, and puff-balls of the dandelion larger than any dandelion of this world ever possessed—one of them would have sown Piccadilly with dandelions for a whole summer. Men exhibit bad taste enough, goodness knows; but Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday could not show such vulgarity on a mere man as may be seen at any fashionable assembly this season on the once "weaker sex."

In "dear, dirty Dublin" stands Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital. It was founded in 1800, being partly endowed by a worthy Aberdonian of ancient family, Sir Patrick Dun. For many years it led a quiet career as a hospital for medical cases alone, but in 1866 it opened its doors for all kinds of cases, medical, surgical, and gynecological alike, while it now possesses wards for infectious fevers. It was the first institution in the country to establish (in 1867) and develop the modern system of skilled nurses. But, alack! its funds have not increased with its growing usefulness, and it has permanently lost a thousand a-year of its endowment revenue, owing to causes which the governors were powerless to control. So it has had to fall back on a bazaar called "Ierne," which was held during the latter part of last week. There were nearly half a hundred stalls, over which presided a host of fair ladies, a selection of whose portraits I am able to give in this issue.

I know of few institutions at once so out of keeping and so necessary in this busy London of ours as the curiously named Home of Peace for the Dying. It was founded, in 1885, in North London, at the expense of a lady who was impressed with the want of any special provision in London for dying folk. Then it was removed, two years ago, to a large house opposite the Swiss Cottage, the number of beds being increased from ten to forty. It is in debt to the extent of £2000, but so deserving a charity as "Friedenheim" should not long remain without the wherewithal to carry on its good work.

A very interesting sale of work took place last week at the Portman Rooms. All the needlework exhibited and sold was done by ladies in reduced circumstances. The stalls were prettily decorated in yellow and white, and the bazaar was opened by Adeline, Duchess of Bedford. Although the stalls were nicely arranged, and contained work of much merit, the exceptionally good music soon attracted me to the tea-room. As a matter of fact, it seems a pity that music and refreshments should have been so closely associated, for the clatter of cups drowned much that was good in the way of songs. However, I was fortunate enough to hear a soprano of great charm in Miss Gertrude Wood, whose refined method and clear, bell-like voice did full justice to Goring Thomas's "Song of Sunshine." Miss Mary Morgan also delighted me. Her voice is rich, low, and full, and she uses it with much power and skill. After a couple of hours I was rapidly getting the usual bazaar migraine, and as my purse was getting light in inverse ratio to my head, I left laden with knitted wool comforters and socks and other trifles suitable to a scorching May day.

I am glad to note that Lady May Yohé has returned to the scene of her triumphs. Her voice seems all the better for the compulsory rest



LADY MAY YOHÉ.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

enjoined upon the popular actress by her medical adviser. The floral tributes which welcomed her back were enough to excite the envy of a *prima donna*.

Miss Elizabeth A. S. Dawes has just achieved the unique honour of being the first woman to obtain the degree of Doctor of Literature at London University. She is the second daughter of the Rev. J. S. Dawes, D.D., of Surbiton, who has long been interested in education, and received most of her earlier training from him. In 1881 she was



MISS DAWES.

Photo by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

first in the classical scholarship examination for Girton, but, being under eighteen, was adjudged by the authorities to be too young to accept it. In the following year, however, she was elected to the Lady Stanley Scholarship, and, after three years' residence at Girton, she took a high place in the Classical Tripos. Before going to Cambridge she had passed the Matriculation and the Intermediate B.A. examination, for the latter of which she was prepared at Bedford College. After leaving Cambridge, she proceeded to the B.A. degree, taking honours in Greek and Latin, and, in due course, passed the M.A. examination in the latter subjects. To qualify for the D.Lit. examination, Miss Dawes passed another branch of the M.A., choosing as her subjects mediæval and modern French and German, coming out first in order of merit. The examination for the D.Lit. is based on a thesis presented to the examiners some time before, and for this Miss Dawes chose as her subject "The Pronunciation of the Greek Aspirates," a subject to which she had devoted her attention for some years. Miss Dawes' presentation to the Chancellor was greeted with long and loud applause, and was, moreover, rendered doubly unique by the fact that the gentleman who "presented" her was Dr. Weymouth, the first man who took the degree of D.Lit. at London. Miss Dawes' elder sister was the first lady M.A. of London.

The sixth edition of that purely feminine festival, the Women Writers' (late Literary Ladies) Dinner is booked for Wednesday at the Criterion Restaurant. Miss Honor Morten, whose enterprise it is, will again be editor—Honorary Secretary is her official title—with Mrs. Pennell, Miss Adeline Sergeant, Mrs. Hicks (Miss Beatrice Whitby), Miss Clementina Black, and Mrs. L. T. Meade as "collaborateuses"—to coin a word for the occasion. The edition of tickets at half-a-guinea each is limited to sixty, and among the sixty will be John Oliver Hobbes, George Fleming, Mémie Muriel Dowie, Mathilde Blind, Mrs. Andrew Dean, Mrs. Margaret Woods, Mrs. Burnett Smith (Annie Swan), and Lady Strafford. There is every prospect of some brilliant speeches on novel subjects, and it has been suggested that another after-dinner amusement might be either a preliminary examination on the momentous question, "Who are the six leading literary ladies?" or a drawing of lots for the coveted invitations to the dinner to be given by the New Vagabonds on the following evening. These, greatly daring, have decided to entertain six leading literary ladies, and are now faced by the query, Who shall decide who are such? I suggest the Women Writers' banquet as a species of "Little-Go" examination, but I do not undertake to insure lives when the answers are read, and the six out of sixty are chosen to share, for one night only, the delights of an evening with the Vagabonds.

Miss Beverley Robinson's afternoon concert at Queen's Hall last week offered many attractive numbers besides the singing of the fair *beneficiaire* herself, who had joined issue with Miss Kuhé in producing an unusually seductive programme. "Vainka's Song," a quaint melody, was beautifully rendered by Madame Alice Gomez, whose mellow Eastern notes seem to gain in richness every year. Miss Beverley Robinson was in her prettiest voice, and Miss Kuhé's instrumental technique, it need hardly be added, has lost nothing of its excellent quality.

I was interested to hear, the other night, that concerts and other entertainments at St. James's Hall are expected to be over by eleven o'clock in the evening. If they are continued beyond that hour, an extra charge of five pounds is made. I wish that some such time-limit could be introduced at the performances of opera during the season. The waits between the acts at Covent Garden are simply tremendous, particularly when a spectacular work like "Mefistofele" or "Lohengrin" is being staged; and consequently even the "swellest of the swell" people leave the house long before the performance is finished.

Another relic of a bygone day is doomed, for the quaint little cottage in Paddington herewith portrayed is to make way for the Welsh Church of St. David's. The cottage is occupied by the caretaker of the church, which, at present, is but a temporary iron structure. The



ground floor has two doors with porches, and is built of flint and rubble covered with rough-cast. There are eight rooms in the little place which will soon have vanished.

Paddington is bestirring itself, for at last Sarah Siddons' grave, long neglected, is to be properly marked. How different the fate of her last resting-place and her fame when Hazlitt wrote: "She is out of the pale of all theories and annihilates all rules. She had no need of the robes, the sweeping train, the ornaments of the stage; in herself she is as great as any being she ever represented in the ripeness and plenitude of her power." It leads to reflections—

When Siddons played, the town thought meet
To shower its honours at her feet.
A queen, where'er she sought to reign,
"She had no need . . . of sweeping train"
To make her triumphs more complete.

The world was ever glad to greet
The voice that sounded rich and sweet,
And no one held the stage profane
When Siddons played.

The curtain falls; the years retreat;
And Fame's rewards are ever fleet—
Her resting-place for long has lain
Untended mid the sun and rain;
And yet the hearts of men did beat
When Siddons played.

An interesting display of gymnastic exercises was given by the pupils of the North Hackney High School for Girls on Friday, in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund. The spread of physical education has done more for the eternal feminine than anything else, and if the exhibition of the aforesaid school is typical of the locality, North Hackney should possess some magnificent women in the near future. Illustrations of the exhibition are given elsewhere in this number.

I have just had this mystic missive sent me from Eisenbach. As a specimen of English "as she is written," it seems to me to be worth reproducing—

Your lectors would be much obliged if you mention in one of your neat numbers "Peter Apian" German spec. Saxon native but a universal Genius, of whom are issued many highly interesting books, which are studied till to day in Universities. Look for his Portrait in the last number of the *Illustrated Zeitung* of Leipzig. Perhaps it is of your possibility to bring it likewise your english lectors and german abonniees too, much obliging We remain Yours very truly

READERS AND ABONNIES.

Actors have begun to find out for themselves that the plums of their profession generally drop into the managerial maw. Hence the epidemic of enterprising *jeunes premiers* and others who contemplate a tilt at Dame Fortune's preserves this coming season, beginning with Mr. Forbes-Robertson's lease of the Lyceum; and following with Mr. H. V. Esmond's spirited production of his own piece called "Bogey," at the St. James's, which has been sublet to him by Mr. Alexander. Then we have the recently married Mr. Arthur Bouchier with both a farce and comedy up his ample sleeve, while Mr. Cartwright, who is looking for a house, also seeks the throbs and throcs of management. Finally, one would feel inclined to ask, when all the artists have blossomed into managers, where are the ranks to be recruited from?

The spread of Metropolitan theatredom out into the suburbs has been enormously rapid. Holloway, Ealing, Hammersmith, and Camberwell

have all little playhouses of their own, and now an attempt is being made in good earnest to cater for Kilburn people in like manner. The proprietor of the Kilburn theatre *in futuro* will be Mr. J. D. Solomon, who helped to run the German plays at the Opéra Comique, and afterwards at the Royalty, and has just been engaged unsuccessfully in litigation with Miss Kate Santley respecting an "unconcluded" agreement. Mr. Mansell, who was associated with Mr. Solomon in his "Deutsches Theater" enterprise, is to manage the Kilburn house for him.

My attention was caught by an article in an American paper headed "Women as Theatrical Critics," and I found therein statements that would, I fear, kindle the wrath of Mrs. Levenson, Mrs. Venning, and other clever ladies who occupy their stalls strictly for business purposes. According to this smart but terribly unkind writer, "A woman is, as a general rule, a most unjust, unreasonable, exacting, and prejudiced theatrical critic." If asked for her opinion in private, she would probably say that piece and performers were "simply charming." But, "on the other hand, when she realises that she is to be a critic, she assumes that her superior knowledge and judgment will be best illustrated by picking flaws in the play and abusing the players." There is a good deal more to the same effect, all very amusing, but, in my opinion, quite too bad. Evidently the American Pressman here quoted is not fond of the genus "lady journalist."

A great many actresses and operatic "stars" have invested much of their earnings in American real estate, the list including, I am told, Madame Modjeska, Madame Albani, Mrs. Langtry, Miss Ada Rehan (and also her sister, Mrs. Oliver Byron), Miss Fanny Davenport, the American exponent of "Sarah Bernhardt's parts"; Miss Agnes Booth, wife of Henry Abbey's partner, John Schoeffel; Lotta, Miss Clara Morris, Miss Delia Fox, Miss Fanny Rice, Madame Nevada-Palmer, and others. Among those professional people who possess splendid houses "on the other side" are Joseph Jefferson, Miss Lillian Russell, Nat Goodwin, Francis Wilson, to mention but a few members of "the" profession.

All the way from Calcutta have come the two first numbers (Thursdays April 11 and 18) of a new paper, just started, bearing the comprehensive title of the *Indian Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News and Planters' Intelligencer*. This paper, which is published at the price of four annas, seems to be run somewhat on the lines of its English predecessor of similar title. There are many clever illustrations dealing with theatrical and sporting subjects, and plenty of bright gossip and news. I am pleased to note that the eight four-columned large-folio pages of number one have expanded into twelve pages in the second number, a good omen of success.

An ingenious "self-binding" cover for keeping magazines and newspapers in has been devised by Messrs. Slade Brothers and Lacey, of Great Portland Street. It has no strings, or blades, or piercing, or cutting, or anything of that kind. One has simply to open the paper at the centre fold and slide it under the wire which is attached to the back, and the cover can be widened or lessened at will. The binders, which are made in all sizes, are exceedingly handy.

The Red Cross Hospital, superintended by Dr. Douthwaite, and attached to the China Inland Mission at Chefoo, has done good work during the war. Altogether, 163 wounded have been attended to, and,



Photo by James Fuller, H.M.S. *Æolus*.

in many cases, amputation of arms and legs were necessary. They all arrived at the Hospital within ten days of each other; but hundreds died *en route* from Wei-Hai-Wei to Chefoo, and, in some instances, some of the poor fellows were killed outright by their fellow-countrymen and their bodies flung into the sea. There was no attempt at ambulance-work whatever for the Chinese soldiers.

The Natural History Museum at South Kensington has had no more interesting addition of late than the restored skeleton of the wonderful iguanodon. This bird-like reptile existed in the Wealden period, an



THE IGUANODON.

epoch marked by relics of old land-surfaces just preceding the Chalk Age. Dr. Henry Woodward, Keeper of Geology at the Museum, thus describes the creature—

The iguanodon was a vegetable-feeding animal, and its cheek-teeth, which exceed eighty in number, were well adapted for chewing the leaves and shoots of plants on which it fed. It had no front teeth, but a horny beak like that of a turtle. The fore-limbs are shorter than the hind ones, the former being six feet and the latter nine feet long. The hand had four digits with nails, and the thumb was armed with a conical, sharp-pointed spur. The hands appear, from their shape, to have been but ill-adapted for walking. The hind-limbs were large and very powerful, and had three toes on each foot, with the same number of joints as in a bird's foot—namely, three to the inner toe, four to the middle, and five to the outer toe. The bones of the pelvis also closely resemble those of wingless birds, such as the emu and dinornis. The ponderous tail, as well as the back, was strengthened by numerous bony fibres, which no doubt gave support to the animal when in an erect position; it also assisted it greatly in swimming. The skeleton measures fifteen feet in height, and thirty feet from the head to the tail; it is set up in the position in which it is considered the animal usually walked.

I once had occasion to request Mr. John Corlett, the popular proprietor of the *Sporting Times*, to favour me with an anecdote, and, knowing that he is a man well stocked with experiences of all sorts, I asked him to relate one that had never been told before. He kindly did so; and, not having occasion to use it then, I repeat it now in his own words. "Immediately before the Great Cataclysm of 1874, I wrote an article on the prospects of the impending war as affecting the British Turf. We had with us at that time the Baltazzis, Lehndorff, Festetics, Henckel, Donnesworth, André, Prince Batthyany, La Grange, and others, all of whom I suggested might be brought into the strife, the end of which we could not see. On the day the article appeared an old gentleman called at the offices and asked to see the editor. It was Saturday, and, as with most newspaper offices on that day, the office-boy and the charwoman were mostly in charge. The office-boy received the elderly gentleman after the manner of office-boys, and, telling him that he couldn't see anybody, ignored his further existence, and continued to dust papers and whistle in the most inconsequential manner. The elderly gentleman then handed him a card, and told him to inform the editor when he arrived that the gentleman whose name was on the card had called and desired to see him. The boy took the card in the most leisurely way, still whistling, and then his eyes seemed to bulge out of his head as he read—

Prince Batthyany.

Up to that time he had never spoken to anyone of more imposing social rank than the parish beadle, and down he flopped on his knees and said, 'May it please yer r'y'l 'ighness Lordship Duke, there's none of 'em 'ere; its Saturday.'

The fair sex is yet looking for emancipation and fresh occupation, and, for the benefit of the ladies, whose humble and devoted admirer I must ever claim to be, I would suggest an association of lady bookmakers. The ways of the bookmaker are often objectionable: his voice is raucous, his costume, in many cases, a discord or indiscretion in primary colours. He snatches at the money you have laboured hard to earn; he closes his bag with a snap when the first arrival of an unexpected one beats the backers. When, after many attempts, you get the better of him, instead of crisp bank-notes and yellow sovereigns, pieces of the best, he gives

you a mass of Irish, Scotch, or provincial notes—dirty, old, and, let us say, malodorous, for it sounds better. All these annoyances would be lost sight of if woman, lovely woman! would but lay the odds. When man tries to attract attention, he does his best by the aid of a hideous hat or an offensive coat. There is something pathetic in the fact, because it demonstrates the inferiority of man. Woman can be smart, original, and pleasing; man can but be eccentric and idiotic. Our English race-courses are very beautiful, but an indiscriminate sprinkling of booking ones will mar the fairest landscape. One of my "fair contemporaries" should really take the matter up seriously, and help to further develop the possibilities of feminine progress.

While on this subject, I must protest, also, against the liberties taken by the British bookmaker with the classics. Strange though it may be, few of the shouting fraternity are University men; more incomprehensible still, they manifest a serious disregard for the proper pronunciation of a horse's name. Now many of our racehorse-owners are blue-blooded individuals with a lot of money, who think nothing of going to the expense of giving their gee-gees fancy names, taken from works of old-time writers or towns in distant lands. As a rule, when a bookmaker finds a classical name, it has an effect upon him somewhat similar to that described by Mark Twain to the man who pronounced a German word with many syllables. Finally, he becomes frantic, he mutilates the unfortunate name that never did him any harm, he piles upon this record of past ages the full weight of his nineteenth-century scorn, and the result is something that would kill Mr. Andrew Lang "in once," did that learned gentleman affect the ring.

The experiences of a man who lives on his debts must always be full of interest. London holds many bright specimens whose only assets are liabilities. In spite of this mischance, they are always well groomed and follow fashion obsequiously. I have seen them at Epsom and Ascot, in the Opera House, at "first-nights," at large receptions, at the annual gatherings of highly respectable societies. Their manners are perfect; it is impossible to make them intoxicated. They are well-informed, and usually adepts at one or more forms of physical exercise. I do not include in this class card-sharps or blacklegs, but simply men who seem, without private support or visible means of subsistence, to enjoy the very best of life's tit-bits. They will not propose a game of cards, but, if pressed to take a hand, will invariably win. They do not appear to back horses, but when a dark outsider hits the fancy below the belt, they have usually accepted a hundred to three about the horse. They are always connoisseurs in matters gastronomical, and have usually a cultured intimacy with art, music, and letters. Mere money always looks vulgar when brought into company with them; they are condescendingly affable to company promoters and people who have made their pile in strange lands by stranger methods. They know every current scandal from inception to finale. When will some Virgil among novelists arise and sing these strange dwellers in our midst who rouse in turn my envy and curiosity?



RANDOLPH'S SECOND BOTTLE.

Randolph is the property of Miss Nellie Hudson, of Capenor, Nutfield, Surrey.

A CHAT ABOUT AFGHANISTAN WITH SIR MICHAEL A. S. BIDDULPH, K.C.B.

It was not to talk of historic plate and precious stones that I sought the Keeper of the Regalia in his "lodgings" in St. Thomas's Tower, abutting the Traitor's Gate (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), nor of India



SIR MICHAEL BIDDULPH.

Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

aply symbolised by the Koh-i-noor, the richest of the royal jewels, although the distinguished General's information on those subjects would necessarily have been most profound. No, I called to have a little chat about Afghanistan and the Ameer of Cabul, whose second son, Nasrulla Khan, is about to visit us shortly.

"I still remember the interest you imparted to a lecture given at the Royal United Service Institute on Afghanistan, some years ago; so let me ask you, Sir Michael, if you do not regard with much pleasure the visit to be paid us by the young Prince?"

"Very much so indeed. I feel sure, too, that the visit will strengthen still further our friendly relations with his father, the

Ameer, although that seems scarcely necessary, for they are of the most cordial kind. His Highness himself would have come over had his health not been somewhat indifferent; besides, the state affairs of his country seemed to him to require his personal attention. I have just received a letter from the Ameer, brought over by Mr. George Curzon. Here it is; possibly you may like to see it?"

My reply is, of course, too obvious to need report. The outside envelope was of white cotton cloth and sealed with sealing-wax impressions of great size. Within was another envelope of blue-and-gold brocaded silk in pine pattern veiled in a white net cover. Then came the letter itself, written in Persian characters (read from left to right), on gold-flecked, hand-made paper. Sir Michael read me a translation of the letter, which breathed the sentiments of the firmest amity with the Empress of India and of closest friendship with Sir Michael Biddulph. How gladly I would have had it reproduced! but it was not to be.

"Of course, you have met the Ameer?"

"Oh, yes; I met him frequently during the Great Durbar held at Rawal Pindi in 1885. In this album you will see some views of this ceremonial gathering. There were 25,000 European troops under my command. These were brigaded with masses of native soldiery, under their respective chiefs—troops which, by the way, during their service afterwards in Kashmir, proved themselves completely fit to form line with our best native regiments. It was a splendid parade, in spite of the weather, which was very unkind."

"And what sort of a man is the Ameer? I refer to his Highness more particularly, as I assume that our princely visitor was too young to have impressed you at that time, or, possibly, was not present?"

"Well, I have not yet met the young Prince, but I hope to do so. The Ameer himself, I may say, is an exceedingly astute, deep-thinking man, and fully alive to the advantage of keeping within his grasp the development of the manufacture of the products of his dominions, and so he readily embraced the commercial proposals laid before him by Mr. T. Salter (now Sir Salter) Pyne, the representative of a Calcutta firm, now become a valued adviser of his Highness. Cabul, the capital, possesses factories turning out arms of precision and cartridges; it has

also cotton-mills, while soap, wine, paper, and carpets are of local manufacture, and form important items of export goods. There are signs of modern scientific improvements in Cabul. The Master of the Horse is a European, and, I hear, lady doctors and lady nurses of English and Scotch nationalities are at Cabul in fair number. The character of the country throughout Afghanistan is mountainous and sterile, and yet, here and there, in the valleys one comes across charming oases watered by fertilising rills, and elaborate subterranean water-channels called *Karezes*. Probably our association with the history of Afghanistan is most marked in connection with our construction of roads. These were made partly for our own selfish ends, as strategic and military routes, but they have tended greatly to the development (locally especially) of the country. Candahar is quite Asiatic. Transport is entirely by camel and other pack animals, vehicular traffic is very primitive, and the commerce of the country needs the development which would be given by the extension of the railway from Chuman to Candahar, for which we have the plant ready, awaiting his Highness's concurrence to be laid down."

"Now, how would you describe the Afghan nation?"

"They are not a nation. The people are a great deal too composite to describe, being made up of so many clans. In physique, the Afghans are very fine specimens of humanity, and most of the tribes are brave, but they possess the characteristics of all Eastern nations, and are now only slowly recovering from the hostile sentiments engendered by the necessary invasion of 1878-9. In the end we shall become good friends, and to secure this most desirable condition the best way is to extend trade routes, and promote commercial relations between us and them."

"These clans are not, as a rule, among themselves very fraternal?"

"No, except against a common enemy, and, even then, division of opinion frequently subsists. The nomad tribes, which carry on an extensive trade, have generally to march, sword in hand, and cut their way through hostile tribes to our districts to interchange commodities; while there is a large come-and-go trade between Persia and Bokhara and less distant commercial centres. Many of the traders in the bazaars of Calcutta and Madras have been recognised as far west as Asia Minor. Of course, our railways have greatly dispensed with the camel caravan in its march down into India."

"As regards Afghanistan, our railway system reaches to Peshawar and Chuman, and it might easily be prolonged to Candahar and Jellalabad. Of course, such extension of the railway system would be of immense advantage to Afghanistan, and of considerable importance to Liverpool, Manchester, and other of our manufacturing trade-centres."

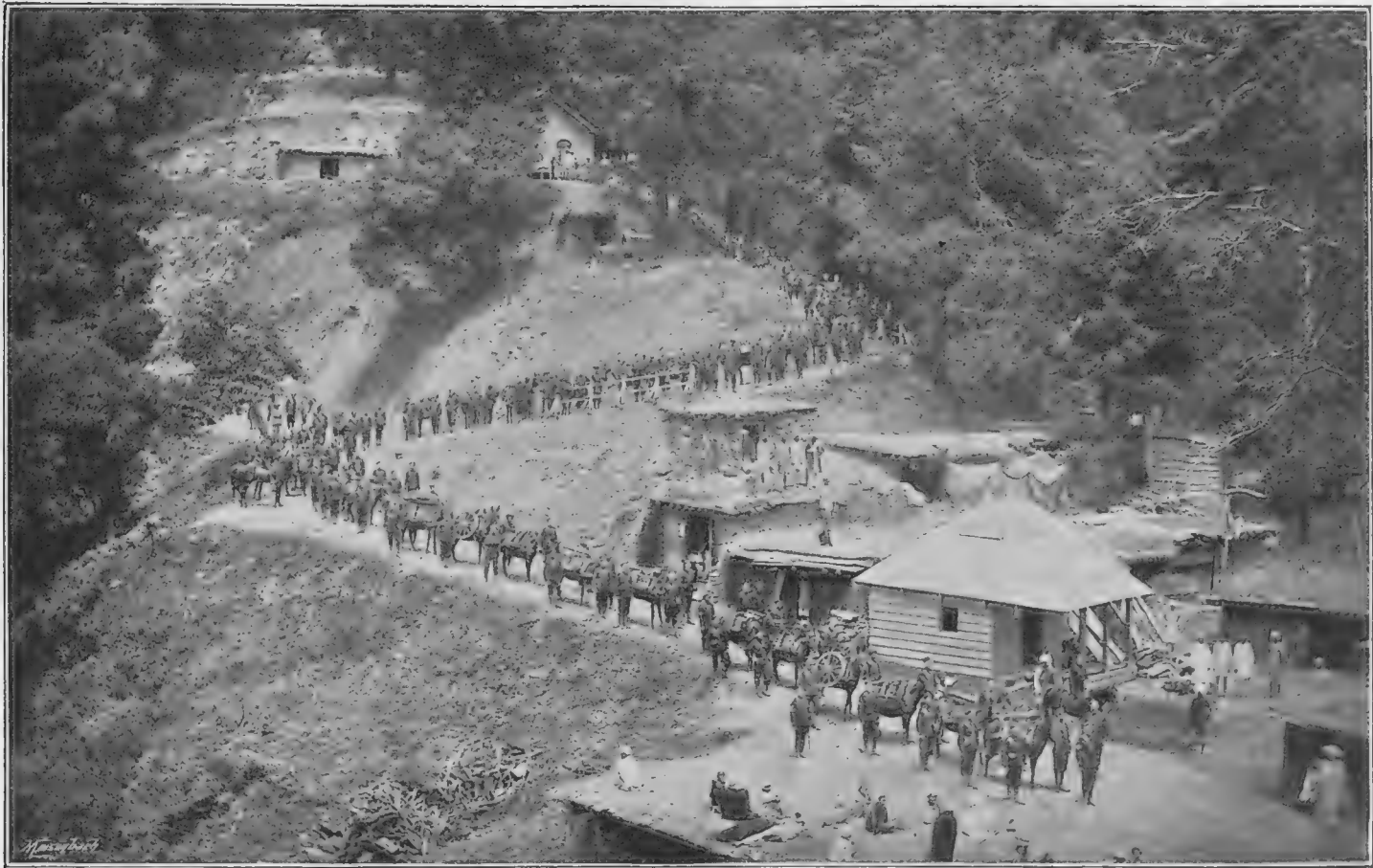
"As a buffer-state between Russia and England, Afghanistan has been the subject of much coquetry between these two Great Powers."

"Certainly. Strategically, of course, the activity of Russia has produced a corresponding activity on the part of England, and it would be neglectful, indeed, to disregard any forward movement on the part of Russia. We keep creeping closer together, not only when we occupied the Quetta country, but in our more recent operations in the Chitral district. Eventually, I suppose, the two countries will meet, but not, necessarily, in a hostile spirit, especially when one considers the conspicuous *rapprochement* which took place between the royal houses during the obsequies of the late Czar."

The accompanying photographs are by Mr. Burke, of Murree.



THE VISIT OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND LORD DUFFERIN TO THE AMEER AT RAWAL PINDI, 1895.



MOUNTAIN BATTERY OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

Captain Clowes.

Mr. Chamberlain.

Sir Arthur Harding.



Captain Biddulph. Sir Michael Biddulph.

Lord Roberts.

Sir Donald Stewart.

THE CAMP IN HONOUR OF THE AMEER.

THE OPERA SEASON.

It would perhaps be convenient to give the opera night by night, but, though doubtless there are people who, for pleasure, never miss an evening at Covent Garden, the flesh-and-blood critic must be allowed a night off now and then. Consequently, I will pass by the performance of "Lohengrin," although in the most popular of the works of Wagner



MDLLE. LEJEUNE.

it appears that Signor Bertran, the new tenor, pleased everybody by his singing as the mysterious knight; the complaint seems to have been lack of acting power and want of stature—certainly serious matters.

Saturday suggested that for the present the season is Tamagno; later on, no doubt, it will be Jean de Reszke, while there will be a Patti period. Whether Calvé's personality will be powerful enough for a dynasty it is hard to say. Last season was the reign of the musicians, and this is the strife of the singers, and possibly "La Navarraise" will not be able to hold her own. This generation has seen nothing like the Saturday's performance of "Il Trovatore." One is accustomed to a somewhat apologetic performance of the tuneful opera; but Sir Augustus, determined to surprise the scornful, not only chose Tamagno, Miss Macintyre, Signora Giulia Ravogli, and Signor Pessina as singers, but had the chorus in a better state than in any other performance of the season. Consequently, the famous opera created an unexpected effect, and many who have been accustomed to laugh at it listened with attention and pleasure. Tamagno was literally tremendous in his part, while Miss Macintyre, in the "Miserere," showed a power and emotion hardly expected. One is disposed to think that the opera will outlive some of the sophisticated works of the young Italian school.

It is impossible to speak of "Fra Diavolo" as of "Il Trovatore." To deny the liveliness of Auber's music is impossible, but the work seems out of place in the huge theatre. There is little to be said against the performance. The Zerlina of Miss Marie Engel was a pleasant piece of singing and acting, and she showed praiseworthy discretion in the curious bedroom scene that anticipated the lately popular "Coucher d'Yvette." Mr. David Bispham, as the comic Englishman, Lord Roclurg, was very funny. The rest of the company was as good as it deserved to be. The opera was given "by desire," and I hope that the "desire" will not be repeated.

Sir Augustus Harris has never had a longer list of vocalists engaged for the season. He has arrangements still pending with two or three others. The British element is fairly represented by Miss Macintyre, Mr. O'Mara, Mr. Richard Green, to name a few of the singers. The support accorded by "Society" has, so far, been very gratifying. Over a hundred boxes have been taken for the season. Royalty constantly honours the Opera with its presence. The display of diamonds to be seen nightly is gorgeous.

Mdlle. Lejeune, the young Belgian soprano who made her début in "Le Prophète," is only twenty-three years of age, and has studied entirely at the Conservatoire in Liège, her native town. During her studentship she carried off all possible medals, and, graduating with the highest honours, was at once engaged for the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels, and for three years undertook the chief rôles there for dramatic sopranos. Among her favourite representations are the parts of Aïda, Eurydice, Charlotte, and Bertha, though she has an immense répertoire, and has twice been chosen by national composers for the leading rôles in such important works as "Maitre Martin," by Jan Blocke, and "L'Enfance de Roland," by Mathieu. After leaving La Monnaie, Mdlle. Lejeune spent a year in Liège, during which time she had the honour and pleasure of singing portions of the rôle of Ysolde to the Tristan of M. van Dyck. She will remain with us for the present season, after which she is engaged for the Opéra Comique in Paris, and doubtless we shall have the pleasure of welcoming her for many ensuing seasons. Personally, Mdlle. Lejeune is endowed with many attractions, for to a wealth of deep-gold hair she adds the brightest and most wickedly sparkling eyes and piquant and vivacious manners, which ensure her social successes being as great as her professional ones.

Signor Enrique Bertran, who appeared in "Tannhäuser" on Friday, is the new Spanish tenor who created such a furore at La Scala, especially as Edgardo to the Lucia of Madame Melba, with whom he was also associated in "Rigoletto." He is a compatriot of the famous Gayarre, and was born at Sans, near Barcelona, in 1865, and his ideal from his earliest boyhood was always the theatre. All his spare pocket-money was saved up, so that he should be able to hear and study both the opera and the drama. His parents were unable to afford him a musical education, but he was so determined that, at the age of twenty-two (when he had saved a little money), he entered the Académie del Municipio at Barcelona, and at once gained a scholarship, which was presented to him by the Infanta Eulalie, and after one year's study he took the first prize at the annual competition. In 1889 he made his début at Barcelona in "Rigoletto" and "Carmen," giving fifty consecutive performances of Bizet's favourite opera, and proving himself, both by his acting and singing, to be a true artist, for he gives the strictest attention to the minutest detail. The rumour of his fame soon reached Naples, and he was telegraphed for, for some special performances there, creating quite a furore each evening. After that he returned to Spain, to fulfil engagements in Barcelona, Madrid, Valencia, &c., in "L'Africaine," "Robert il Diavolo," "Gli Amanti di Fernel," and "La bella Fanciulla di Perth." In 1891 he went to South America,



SIGNOR ENRIQUE BERTRAN.

increasing his already brilliant record by his success in "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Faust," "Lucrezia Borgia," and "Il Trovatore." On his return east he was immediately engaged for three years at La Scala, where he sang, after appearing in Genoa and the chief Italian cities, and, after his season there, he returned to Genoa and Florence, where he met with fresh triumphs, which were then shared by Madame Melba. Unlike most operatic tenors, Signor Bertran has not been spoiled by his successes, for he has never once lost sight of the all-importance of study, and still profits by the valuable assistance of Madame Erminia Spitzer, the celebrated tenor Barbacius, and Signor Muttini, of Milan, for declamation. Some two years ago he was married to Miss Louise Bourne, the English contralto.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

BY E. NESBIT.

Of course, it was very wrong of her, for we all know that you should not talk to gentlemen who have not been introduced to you. But when you are sweet and twenty, and are staying at a country house all alone, and are rather bored, and a handsome young man comes to your rescue in a wood, when your poor little dog has caught its foot in a cruel trap, how can you possibly pass him by the very next day as if he were a stranger? And he was so kind to the dog. He bound up its poor little bleeding foot in his handkerchief, and carried it in his arms to the lodge gate. Then he said—

"Do you often walk in the wood?"

She was feeling too grateful to him to resent his impertinence as she should have done. So she only said, "Sometimes," and thanked him again with all her heart in her pretty eyes.

He looked up to where, through the trees, the big red house showed its twisted old-fashioned chimneys, and said—

"My name is Lavender. You are Miss Verinder, I suppose?"

She looked at him quickly.

"I am Miss Verinder's humble companion. My name is Smith."

"We are comrades in servitude," he said. "I am Lord Halibut's secretary. You walk in the woods sometimes. Then it isn't good-bye. Do they let you come out often?"

"I am my own mistress at present," she said. "A lot of people will be coming down on the 25th for the heiress's coming-of-age. They give a grand entertainment to the tenants. Lord Halibut is to be there. What is he like?"

"Oh!" said the young man indifferently, "he's not a bad sort of fellow. There's some talk of their families wishing him to marry the heiress. The estates go very well together. But he's never even seen her; he's been so much abroad, you know."

"I don't believe the heiress will have him," the girl said sharply, and turned away with her poor little dog in her arms.

Now, it is quite clear that she ought not to have walked in the wood—at least, not so soon as the next day; or, if she walked there the next day, she ought not to have chosen the very hour when poor Troll had met with his misfortune. But to be bored much may be pardoned, and, as for Lord Halibut's secretary, he had a right, one may suppose, to amuse himself. And that meeting was not the last. How could it have been? And when you meet a person every day without chaperons or other tiresome people, you soon make friends. Before the week was out Mr. Lavender had heard how Miss Smith was left an orphan, and had to earn her living; and she had learned that Mr. Lavender's part in life must always be that of a subordinate.

"Is she kind to you?" he asked one evening, as they sat on a mossed tree-trunk, and watched the red sun set across the valley where the corn grew.

"Oh, yes, she's kind enough," the girl said; "at least, I am sure she means to be."

"She's revoltingly clever, I hear. Beat the Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, or something."

"She did. But that's not criminal; and Lord Halibut is, at least, her partner in iniquity. He took a first-class in Greats, didn't he? Oh, how I do hate clever men!"

"You have my sympathy. I abhor clever women!"

They both laughed. And the days went on; and July melted into

August, and August grew in grace, till the time came near for the coming-of-age of Miss Verinder; and if, during these days, there had been a hand-pressure so slight as not to be worth resenting, or a look so nearly tender as to make a man's heart beat high with hope; if he had treasured the forget-me-nots she gathered by the woodland pond and pressed them in the volume of Browning from which he had read to her in the woods; and if she kept a certain handkerchief, stained with poor little Troll's blood, in a locked sandalwood box, and took it out and laid it against her face, for all its blood-stain, when no one else was by—all that concerned only the companion and the secretary, and no one else in all the wide world.

It was bright noon-tide, and they walked through the woods; and presently they came to the wishing-tree, with its two trunks growing from one root.

"If we pass through the wishing-tree," she said, "and wish as we go, the fairies will give us the wish of our hearts."

So they went through, hand-in-hand, because the way was rough. As she passed out of it, a bramble caught her dress, and he stooped to disentangle it, but the folds of her gown were electric, and his hands trembled.

"How tiresome it is!" she said; "I believe that bramble will never let me go."

"Can you blame it?" he asked, looking up at her; and she turned her face away. They walked on. "A whole month," he said, "and seeing you every day! When did such good-fortune ever before come to a poor secretary?"

"Or to a humble companion? No, I don't mean that. But it has been pleasant."

They walked in silence to the little gate that divided the woods from the grounds. Here they stopped, and she said, looking at him for a moment half shyly, half proudly, "Come in; I should like you to see the garden. All the smart people are coming to-morrow, to keep the heiress's birthday."

He hesitated, and she laughed. "Oh, we needn't go in sight of the house. The grounds are big enough."

He flushed, and stammered in wordless denial of the thought she had read in him that his being seen with the companion might compromise her, and together they walked under the arching trees to the old lawn where the sun-dial stands.

"This is where the tenants dance, I believe," she said; "and all the



"Can you blame it?" he asked, looking up at her.

grand people dance with the cottager folks, which seems to me rather silly, for I am sure each set would rather dance with themselves. Lord Halibut is coming. Will you be here?"

"I shall certainly come if Lord Halibut does. May I dance with you?"

She laughed. "I don't think you know what dancing on turf is like. Besides, probably our steps don't suit."

"Let us try now," he said.

He laid his arm on her waist. The next moment her hand was on his arm and they were whirling down the lawn towards the sun-dial.

"What foolish people we are!" she said breathlessly, and half moved to pause. But his arm held her closer, and they waltzed to the end of the lawn, past the sun-dial, and into the shade of the great copper beech; and there, before she had time to move her hand from his arm, both his



He laid his arm on her waist.

arms were round her and he was raining kisses on her soft, flushed cheek. She shrank a little, and then laid her face softly against his, and put her hand up to his neck.

"Ah!" he said, "the wish is granted. I have my heart's desire."

"And I," she whispered softly.

"You do love me, don't you?"

She clasped her hands behind his neck, and hung back, looking at him at arm's length, with half-ashamed, half-laughing eyes.

"Oh, yes, I love you, Lord Halibut," she said.

He put his hands up and laid them on hers. "Then you know?"

She laughed again. "I have known all the time. Your handkerchief, at least, was not ashamed of your name."

Not one thought that was traitor to his love for her stirred in him at her confession. Lord Halibut knew true love when he saw it.

"Why did you deceive me?" she asked.

"Oh! the landscape-painter idea, I suppose," he said. "The Lord of Burleigh, and that sort of thing!"

She laughed once more. "The worst of it is," she said, "that I have a vow in heaven never to marry Lord Halibut."

"Surely Lord Halibut can absolve you from that, if anyone can!"

"I am glad you think so, for you have a vow—somewhere or other—not to marry Miss Verinder, and you too will need absolution. Take it from me—"

"Then you are—you are not Miss Smith?"

Her dainty chin went up. "Now, do I look like it?" she said.

"But why—?"

"The landscape-painter's part," she answered, "seems to be universally attractive!"

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It was rather amusing to read the consolations which our present Premier lately administered to his political followers. True, he owned, their measures were not far advanced, their majority had dwindled, indignation against the House of Lords could not be blown into a flame—but, at any rate, in Parliament they had "pulverised" their opponents, and their oratory was far superior to anything the other side could show. Therefore—or this was the obvious inference—anything else didn't matter.

Now, whether an unbiassed observer would have confirmed this boast of Lord Rosebery's may be doubted. Party men and Party journals are apt to chronicle pulverisations of which the pulverised and their friends remain entirely unconscious. Even Mr. Joseph Chamberlain cannot be so invariably tortured by baffled rage and demoniac malice as he appears to another gifted member who is also a journalist. Possibly Lord Salisbury might, with as good reason, assure his Party that Ministers were reduced to an impalpable powder.

But on whichever side made, and with whatever reason, the boast only illustrates the absurd overestimate of the importance of Parliament in the country, and of the interest generally taken in its doings, which is common to most Members of Parliament. Days are spent, the best skill of the cleverest politicians wasted, in snatching small advantages of debate or procedure, about which the people at large knows little and cares less. And then Party papers exult greatly over such petty points, and keep up the small jokes of the House of Commons till long after they have ceased to interest even the House itself—and few jests are too small or too old for Parliament.

It is time, rather, for our M.P.'s to begin to realise the large contempt in which their assembly is almost everywhere held. As Mark Pattison said of the busy Oxford of his later years, they fancy they are progressing because they have invented several new ways of marking time. Moreover, each Party seems to think marking time the sole end of man, and pours ridicule and obloquy on its rivals for marking time otherwise than itself—not for marking time at all, when marching is desirable. One day, Ministerial journals and politicians are in ecstasies of joy because (owing possibly to a misapprehension, or influenza) the Government has a majority of fifty for a clause of some Bill that is neither meant nor expected to pass; on the next clause, the majority sinks to fifteen, and the Opposition exults. What does it all matter to to any rational being?

It used to be said that the season when Parliament was not meeting was the "Silly Season," seeing that then the newspapers, in order to fill up their pages, published the traditional anecdotes concerning the Sea Serpent, the Giant Gooseberry, and other similar wonders of nature—or art. But the term of opprobrium will soon have to be shifted to the time when the High Court of Parliament is being prayed for with more goodwill than apparent result. What a scene it was even the other day, when the representatives of certain Parliamentary cliques arose one by one, and clamoured for precedence for the Bills that embodied their respective fads, knowing all the time that there was not the slightest chance of any of these Bills being passed! Yet, if precedence was denied to one group or another, the members talked of resigning or of opposing till a long-suffering Chancellor of the Exchequer arose and told some of them to go to the Chiltern Hundreds!

The safety of the House of Lords lies less in its own good qualities than in the obvious faults of the other House. "They will never kill me," said Charles II. to his brother, "to make you king." And the English people will hardly abolish the Lords to make the Commons supreme. It is well to have an hereditary aristocracy, if only to furnish some contrast to the general vulgarity of the wire-pullers of politics. Even if the peer himself be nearly as vulgar as the democrats that his existence humiliates, it is good to have their lowness borne in on them by any means. One is almost tempted to maintain an abuse or anomaly merely out of contempt for those who chiefly assail it.

And it is precisely those who claim unlimited power and liberal salaries for the Commons who do most to bring their own assembly into contempt. They would ostracise, if they could, the politician who dares to exceed or disregard the "mandate" of his election committee, the member who dares to yield to evidence, to show the least independence. Their ideal is the absolute rule of some hundreds of mechanical figures. It is bad enough to be ruled by a madman like Caligula, worse to be governed by an amateur like Nero—but worse still is the tyranny of a marionette.

MARMITON.



PHIL MAY'S MEMORY OF THE MAY MEETINGS.

STALLHOLDERS AT THE "IERNE" BAZAAR, DUBLIN.

Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.

MRS. BAKER (FAIRY QUEEN'S PALACE)



MISS BELL (COMIC POST OFFICE).



MRS. DENHAM (DOLL'S HOUSE).



MISS PILKINGTON (CEAD MILLE FAILT HE TEA-ROOM).



MISS WALKER (ARCADIAN SWEET STALL).



MRS. DUNDAS (BOOK STALL).



MISS L. DARLEY.



MISS ORPIN (CIGAR DIVAN).



MRS. MAURICE KNIGHT (WICKLOW STALL).

STALLHOLDERS AT THE "IERNE" BAZAAR, DUBLIN.

Photographs by Chancellor, Dublin.



MRS. WRENCH (DALKEY STALL).



MISS DE ROBECK (KILDARE STALL).



MRS. R. NORMAN THOMPSON (CIGAR DIVAN).



MRS. COOPER LALOR.



MRS. H. C. DRURY (EMERALD STALL).



MRS. BATTERSBY (HOSPITAL STALL).



LADY ANNETTE LA TOUCHE (KILDARE STALL).



MISS H. BELL (COMIC POST OFFICE).



MISS N. DARLEY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

To most readers "The Story of a Lie," in the latest volume of the Edinburgh Stevenson, will be unknown. It appeared first in the *New Quarterly Magazine* in 1879, and is now republished for the first time. Presumably, it had not been thought worthy of inclusion in "The Merry Men" volume, though it is perhaps on a level with, at least, "The Treasure of Franchard." It is singularly wanting in the fantasy Stevenson has taught us to expect in his shorter stories, but, so far as the characters are concerned, it is entirely in his own vein. There is a fine, breezy, old, parasitical humbug of a villain, Van Tromp; a young man of noble instincts, with a taste for the queer and the disreputable in other folks; and, characteristically, a most disagreeable girl.

There have been attempts of late to knock down the oft-repeated statement that Stevenson couldn't make a woman. Whatever the truth may be, his girls are rarely good company, and few of them are human beings at all. The unsympathetic Mamie in "The Wrecker" is very living, it must be owned, but she is exceptional. Esther, in "The Story of a Lie," barely breathes—only just enough to make your dislike of her a reality. What is wanting in her and in most of the others? Stevenson differentiated, conceived complex girl characters, invented personal traits, gave them very human vices and foibles; but it is all of no avail. He was working entirely from the outside, and this is rather remarkable in a man of such delicately sensitive and even feminine instincts. Perhaps his failures arose from a very frequent source of such—an exaggeration of the differences between the male and female character.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, in his preface to the new edition of "Far from the Madding Crowd," speaks of the stationariness necessary for the development of character and individuality in rustic populations. That condition has now disappeared, taking with it most of the eccentricities, the entertaining humours, which he has made familiar to us in his Wessex peasants. The passage in the preface in which he refers to this change reminds one of a very interesting article Mr. Hardy contributed to *Longman's Magazine* some ten years ago on "The Dorset Labourer," where he treated the peasants less pictorially than in his fiction, but with great sympathy for their hardships, and with an intimate knowledge of both the past and present of his native county.

"At the First Corner" (Lane), Mr. Marriott Watson's new book of short stories, contains the best work he has yet done. There are nine tales, and all of them are uncommonly well written. The collection shows high literary talents, and the theme of each story is interesting, but I cannot say that, altogether, they make an agreeable book. Perhaps they would not be quite eligible for the "Keynotes Series" if they did. There is an impression of sordidness left on one's mind; and it is a little difficult to say whether it comes from a recollection of "The Edge of the Precipice," where champagne and hysteria are factors in the suggested tragedy, or from the two East-End sketches, both grimly powerful, "Mr. Atkinson" and "In the Basement."

These latter are somewhat in the vein of Mr. Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets." The old doctrine of the blessedness of poverty had a long vogue in fiction. The grimy walks of life were piously held to be those in which the virtues could be practised with most effect; though the doctrine did not exclude the simultaneous holding of the opinion that the poor folks who ought to be pious were very objectionable. Recent pictures of poor life have mostly been in shades of black and gray, very pessimistic, and generally cynical. They are wrong, too. Human nature is not so much a slave to circumstance. It is essentially capricious, and will sprout virtues, vices, happiness and misery, talents and prejudices, in apparent contradiction of its surroundings, and to the great inconvenience of theorists. But the blacker pictures are, on the whole, far more respectful to truth. They recognise, at least, the difficulties of sweet and reasonable living amid filth and ever-imminent hunger. They are less of a smug insult to the hard-beset than those of the milk and rose-water school.

The new *Catholic Magazine* is evidently going to make use of the abundant literary talent among the enthusiasts of the recent Catholic revival. To its first number Mr. Kegan Paul contributes a paper on "A Sussex Cloister," the Carthusian Priory of St. Hugh's at Parkminster, and the popular novelist, Mrs. Francis Blundell, better known as M. E. Francis, a short Irish story. There is also a poem by Mr. Lionel Johnson, "Our Lady of the May," in which seasonable rhapsody is skilfully wedded to propagandist aspirations—

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!
Not only for ourselves we plead, God's flower!
Look on thy blinded children, who still stray,
Lost in this pleasant land, thy chosen Dower!
Send us a perfect spring;
Let faith arise and sing,
And England from her long cold winter wake.

The publishers are doing much just now to supply our libraries with the best of the older fiction in attractive form. Smollett is being issued by Messrs. Bell and Messrs. Gibbings. Let readers choose between two editions, each of which has much to say for itself. The bibliography in Messrs. Bell's is really excellent, and there is something solid and dignified in the form of the "British Novelists," which will attract the serious-minded. On the other hand, the little volumes issued by Messrs. Gibbings are very pretty and handy; and the preface written by Mr. Saintsbury is an excellent piece of work. Both are illustrated, one by Cruikshank's old pictures, the other by photogravures.

o. o.

THE "ELIXIR OF LIFE" AT THE ABBEY.

All men, from the "exquisite" to the errand-boy, pause before the familiar gaudy van that tarries hard by Westminster, to partake of "Old Sarsaparilla's" beverage. Further, if the thirsty one has time to spare, let him try the quality of yet another of B. Morse's commodities, namely, B. Morse's conversation, for the latter is as invigorating as his drink.

"One penny a glass; 'ere you are, Sir."

I was served almost before I knew where I was—almost before I had ordered the refreshment, in fact, and in the next few seconds half-a-dozen other customers were accommodated with equal alacrity. Where the genial vendor finds hands enough to cope with his orders I know not. He seems a very Briareus.

"Everybody comes to me; why, yes, everybody, even the Dean o' Westminster 'imself. A moment ago I'd a lady 'ere; she wished she could bring 'er son across to 'ave some—'e's in the 'Ouse." The arch-dispenser jerked his head towards St. Stephen's as he spoke.

"What," said I, "did she think Members want some 'elixir of life'?"

But the cautious one would not vouchsafe a reply.

"Bin long 'ere? Thirty year. My old governor 'ad the business afore me—a small concern 'is was; 'e made nothin' of it. I've kept square, and see! this van cost £100. I've three others like it; I manages 'em all. Couldn't give any strange chaps charge 'ere, they'd pocket the coppers." He slapped his thigh significantly as he spoke.

"But," I urged, "you can't be in three places at once"—though really, at times, when serving customers, he seemed equal to the feat.

"Well, no; but it's my sons keeps 'em."

"Ah," I replied, enlightened; "sarsaparilla runs in the family."

All this conversation went on without interruption to business. The only thing that troubled the worthy pharmacist was his inability, under such pressure, to wash every glass, for he confessed, "I'm partic'lar, but we *must* be sharp."

"Stand up on the path, Sir! up on the path!"

Up I went, for my friend was imperious, though I marvelled at the order. The explanation quickly came. A slack moment had arrived, so out from its socket came his wash-basin, and the contents went sluicing over the causeway-blocks just where I'd stood a moment before.

The next instant fresh water was supplied, and business resumed.

On strictly trade topics he was mysterious as a mediæval alchemist.

"And your recipe," I said, "is, of course, a trade secret?"

No answer did his lips return, but another organ was eloquent. Full on me he focussed one clear grey eye—the left one. For a fraction of a second it gazed knowingly, and then closed in a mighty wink. Manifestly "mum" was the word regarding that recipe.

A similar silence was observed regarding the day's takings, but later on came indirect evidence of substantial wealth.

My glass was empty, and I was on the point of setting it down when I was favoured with an unexpected token of goodwill.

"Now, Sir, you'll 'ave another at *my* expense. It can't 'urt you."

Thanking him, I said, "No, it can't, since you say it's the 'elixir of life.'"

With the assurance of perfect faith, he replied, as he filled me a bumper: "It is the 'elixir o' life.' I drinks twenty glasses a day myself."

Business now grew tremendously brisk. Vehicles of all kinds drew up, and Sarsaparilla showed his agility in serving the drouthy drivers. Pedestrians, too, were waiting by the half-dozen.

"Fill us a bumper, guv'nor," said the butcher-boy. He was succeeded by a different type.

"How much?" queried the quasi-swell loftily.

"One penny, yer *honour*!"

The emphasis was perfect, the satire unmistakable.

Up came Mr. Morse's dog. A penny was thrown to him; he caught it deftly and disappeared.

"Oh, 'e likes a penny, and can spend it, too, fast enough."

On this head, however, I had to refrain from further inquiries. Perhaps this, too, is a trade secret. What the remarkable quadruped's money goes for I was not permitted to learn. Perhaps he is Mr. Morse's almoner.

"Do I start early? Yes, five o'clock; but I don't begin work till close on ten. About seven I knock off and go 'ome. I've a nice little villa to go to after work. I owns several."

"Ah!" I said. "House property?"

"House property!" Again that wondrous wink. "It's a good thing to put your money in, I tell you. When I gets 'ome I 'as a quiet evenin', looks to see that the 'orses are properly groomed, an' so on. I'm fond o' my 'orses. I keeps 'em standin' all winter, because I likes 'em."

"Do I do much in winter? No; just goes with a few cough drops."

"And have you any testimonials?"

"W'y, yes; I've one at 'ome would make you laugh. It's from Ally Sloper 'imself. Signed wi' 'is name and 'is great seal."

"Have it on the van," I suggested; "it's your best advertisement."

"No, there's none can beat me for sarsaparilla; they've tried, 'as several, but they made nothing of it. They go wi' their carts and advertise *me*, and I take the *brass*. That's all they can do, advertise *me*, and I haul in the brass! It's no use them trying; I take the brass!"

That was evident from his prosperous air. Establishment and person alike showed that B. Morse, whether he be "known all over the world" (to quote the legend on his caravan) or not, at least is one who knows not only how to take, but how to take care of "the brass."

SIGMA.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



*"Eyes ever trembling with the dew
Of dainty, woeful sympathy."*

PAINTED BY ADA M. SHRIMPTON. EXHIBITED AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

ART NOTES.

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse has our hearty congratulations on the occasion of his election to full Academic honours, for Mr. Waterhouse is a man who may rightly lay claim to some share in the kingdom of genius. His work, like the work of every genius, is unequal. His picture of the Sirens, for instance, of a year or two ago, is a much better production than his picture of "St. Cecilia," hanging this year at the Royal Academy. The colour and harmony of the first picture achieved all that Mr. Waterhouse desires to achieve in the second picture, and—does not achieve. But the point to remember, in such a composition, is this: that we judge an artist by that which he does best. Mr. Waterhouse has an admirable talent; he has fine imaginativeness, great gifts of draughtsmanship, and a noble sense of colour. He amply deserves all the honours that have fallen to his lot, and one may piously hope that they will not tend, as in so many cases Academy honours do unfortunately tend, towards formalism or conventionality.

One may or may not feel much excitement about the proposed statue to Mrs. Siddons; for what is Hecuba to us, or what are we to Hecuba, that we should do this thing? Still, if Sir Joshua's immortal picture of

A first visit to the Grafton Gallery's Exhibition of "Fair Children" necessarily amazes one by reason of the mere gorgeousness of wealth which it contains; and for that reason we shall confine ourselves, at the present moment, rather to recording a general impression than to any enumeration of details. "Here are cool mosses deep." Here are Sir Joshuas and Gainsboroughs and Romneys and Whistlers and Rembrandts, and one knows not how many great works of unfathomable merit. Some of these children we have met often before, and they greet one like old friends from their immortal canvases; and some are new, and ask for that acquaintance, which we willingly grant to them; but there is scarcely a picture that has not its own extreme beauty. Here is an exhibition that should not be allowed to go unnoticed by anybody. We shall return to the details of it next week.

We are sorry that, owing to the pressure of this busy picture-season, our notice of Mr. Tristram Ellis's "Cruise in the Mediterranean," which has been exhibiting at the Japanese Gallery, 28, New Bond Street, should come a little late, for Mr. Ellis's drawings have much merit. He can handle water-colour artistically, and he has a very interesting appreciation of the picturesque. His subject, indeed, could not easily have been more attractive; but it is possible to make even an attractive subject dull. This Mr. Ellis has certainly not done.



THE SERPENTINE: 8 P.M.—HORACE VAN RUTH.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

the Tragic Muse is to be transferred to durable marble, we cordially accept the suggestion of a correspondent, that the corner of Mrs. Siddons's garden facing Regent's Park is a far more appropriate site for the statue than "that portion of Paddington Green which faces the Harrow Road"; for the first site has memories of the golden days when "burning Sappho loved and sung," when, in a word, Mrs. Siddons was in the height of her great career, declaiming and rehearsing in her "First-Empire" drawing-room. The second site, on the other hand, is recommended to us by the fact that it is "in appropriate nearness to her grave." We should have doubled the preposition, and called it "in inappropriate nearness." We prefer to be reminded of the living genius rather than of the ruined treasury which once contained that genius. Surely we are reminded often enough of mortality; why not, for a happy change, remind ourselves of that spark of us which is immortal?

We have received the following courteous little note, which, in justice to Sir John Millais, we willingly quote: "A trifling mistake seems to occur in the Academy notice in your last issue. 'Sir J. E. Millais' 'St. Stephen' makes one irrelevantly wonder why the martyr is represented with his clothes on, when we have authority for knowing that, during the stoning, Saul held his clothes. It is not pretended that the executioners carefully dressed him after leaving him for dead.' *Vide* Acts vii. 58 . . . 'the witnesses laid down *their* clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul.'"

From Constantinople to Africa roughly expresses the cruise which Mr. Ellis has illustrated so prettily. And, first, it is to be noticed that he has fully appreciated the first necessity that such a subject imposes upon him—attention to light. The sea, for example, in his "Algiers from the Jardin d'Essai" is full of the reflection of the sun; moreover, the acuteness of its colour is not insisted on. That is usually the work of tourists, not of Nature. "The Citadel of Corfu," again, shines with light; it is painted simply, broadly, and with no trace of self-consciousness on the part of the painter. "Moonlight at Beyrout" is another example of this particular and somewhat rare quality. The colour is extremely cold, but that was no doubt the true effect, and the painter has realised it. The solemnity of the night is expressively conceived and adequately rendered.

Two other qualities in Mr. Ellis's work should be noted, which may justify our kindness for him. He can paint the sky, and he knows the value of a beautiful *sky-line*. His little collection of roofs, in "A Misty Morning off Serai Point," is a charming composition in pure line-work, and his "Monaco and Monte Carlo from the Corniche Road" has a real sky, broad and shining. Within clear limitations, Mr. Ellis is a very pretty artist. His weak point is his drawing; it lacks strength and solidity. It is this unmistakable defect which rather spoils what would otherwise be the best picture of the show, "The Tombs of the Caliphs."

"THE LADIES' IDOL," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

"The New Boy," with which Mr. Weedon Grossmith started his career as a manager, proved such a luck-bringer, that it was little wonder that its author, Mr. Arthur Law, should be commissioned to supply a successor in "The Ladies' Idol." This farce was produced at the Vaudeville on April 18, with the following cast—

Lionel Delamere	MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH.
The Duke of Castleford	MR. SYDNEY WARDEN.
Lord Finch Callowdale	MR. C. P. LITTLE.
Sir Simon Roebuck	MR. ARTHUR HELMORE.
Mr. Purley	MR. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.
Mr. Wix	MR. FREDERICK VOLPE.
Mr. Kurdle	MR. THOMAS KINGSTON.
Mr. Beamish	MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS.
Simmons	MR. L. POWER.
The Duchess of Castleford	MISS GLADYS HOMFREY.
Countess of Groombridge	MISS HELEN FERRERS.
Lady Helen Frant	MISS ESMÉ BERINGER.
Lady Eugenia Rostover	MISS K. SERJEANTSON.
Lady Boyce	MISS B. CRAWFORD.
Mrs. Somerville Smith	MISS BEATRICE HAYDEN.
Miss Minnever	MISS ALMA GORDON.
Miss Dora Vale	MISS MAY PALFREY.
Mary	MISS A. BEET.

Only a slight change has taken place in this cast. Miss Helen Ferrers having gone to the Garrick to play Mrs. Cleeve, Miss Ferrers' place has been taken by Miss Serjeantson. "The Ladies' Idol" is exceedingly amusing. In some ways, it is the best thing Mr. Arthur Law has done, for, if the central idea of it is not so funny as that of "The New Boy," its humour is more equally distributed among the different characters. No one is droller than Mr. C. P. Little, who appears in a part almost identical with those he played recently in "Marriage," at the Court, and in "The Case of Rebellious Susan." Miss Esmé Beringer has never done better work. Mr. Weedon Grossmith has a part that fits him like a glove.



THE FINDING OF THE BABY.

LIONEL: "Polly, it's winning!"



"THE LADIES' IDOL."

"I frequently sing with a lump in my throat—but it goes down."



LIONEL DELAMERE (MR. WEEEDON GROSSMITH).



LADY HELEN FRANT (MISS ESMÉ BERINGER).



MISS DORA VALE (MISS MAY-PALFREY).



LIONEL DELAMERE AT THE GARDEN PARTY.



MR. PURLEY (MR. JOHN BEAUCHAMP), AND DORA.

"Mr. Purley, will you be a mother to me?"



LADY HELEN AND LIONEL.

LADY HELEN: *"You sopped your bread in the gravy."*



LORD FINCH CALLOWDALE (MR. C. P. LITTLE), AND
MR. BEAMISH (MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS).



THE COUNTESS OF GROOMBRIDGE (MISS HELEN FERRERS),
AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY HELEN,



DORA, MR. WIX (MR. FREDERICK VOLPE), AND LIONEL.

DORA: "*Dad, he's the Ladies' Idol!*"



LIONEL, AND LORD FINCH CALLOWDALE IN FANCY COSTUME.

LORD FINCH: "*I'll thrash you!*"



THE DUKE OF CASTLEFORD (MR. SYDNEY WARDEN), THE DUCHESS (MISS GLADYS HOMFREY), AND MR. WIX.

MR. WIX: "*Fancy Crump being taken for a dook!*"



LIONEL, MR. PURLEY, AND DORA.

LIONEL: "*The baby?*"

MR. PURLEY: "*No, the bracelet.*"

SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

VII.—MESSRS. WARD, LOCK, AND BOWDEN.

Of the two or three great firms of London publishers who have, during the past forty or fifty years, made the cheapening of literature a primary object in their transactions, that of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden occupies a foremost place. It cannot be said that these thousand-and-one "sixpenny" editions of more or less celebrated books were things



MR. JOHN LOCK.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

of beauty in a typographic, artistic, or other respect; still, they served their purpose: they were readable, and they have undoubtedly contributed much to the intellectual pleasure of many thousands whose reading would otherwise have been exceedingly restricted. A very natural result has dogged the footsteps of the two or three firms who have so materially cheapened literature: they have acquired a reputation for cheap and unlovely books which can only be lived down "after many days." As will be shown presently, Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden have, during the past few seasons, been producing books which in every respect, material and intellectual, are worthy to rank beside those sent out by the best publishing houses in London.

The firm itself is not an old one, as such houses go; it is, in fact, less than fifty years old, although it has "swallowed up," so to speak, two or three firms whose origins date back to the early years of the present century. The late Ebenezer Ward, a Christ's Hospital boy, and the founder of the firm, was one of the late Henry J. Bohn's young men, and during his ten years' sojourn here he managed to acquire a very comprehensive knowledge of the various branches of publishing—Bohn was notorious for the manner in which he left his assistants to pick up (or to go without) their knowledge of their own free will—and after leaving this place he became manager of the book-department of Ingram, Cooke, and Co., publishers of the "National Illustrated Library" and other popular works. In 1854 he, however, decided to start on his own account, and, being introduced to the late George Lock by Mr. T. D. Galpin, the two started at 158, Fleet Street, as Ward and Lock. Mr. George Lock, who was born in 1832, and who died in August, 1891, was the son of a Dorset farmer, and was only twenty-two years of age when he joined Mr. Ward, and the foundation of the business, which has now developed into so many and such wide ramifications, was firmly laid by the partners travelling in person all over the country, and pushing their wares into channels generally neglected by the average publisher's "commercial." They were thus not only in a position to get rid of many of their ventures, which would otherwise have had a very circumscribed sale, but obtained the clearest possible ideas as to what particular books would be most likely to prove profitable speculations. These ideas very rarely proved mistaken.

Twelve years after the firm started—in 1866—Mr. Charles Tyler, brother of the last Lord Mayor, joined Messrs. Ward and Lock, and the business outgrew the Fleet Street shop. A move was made to Amen-

Corner, and once more, in 1878 (five years after Mr. Tyler had ceased to be a partner), the firm removed to Warwick House, Salisbury Square, their present *locale*, which was specially erected to suit their requirements at a total of about fourteen thousand pounds. In the meantime, Ward and Lock acquired the copyrights of Edward Moxon, Son, and Company, William Tegg and Company, and, subsequently, of the versatile S. O. Beeton. Each of these important transactions added very considerable prestige and a more than considerable amount of business to the already extensive connections of the house. The publication of serials had for many years been one of the most important of their branches. The *Universal Instructor*, for example, has been reissued several times, revised, and brought up to date, each time with great success. The *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* had a long and prosperous career. This, like Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management," of which over half a million copies have been sold, were brought to the firm by S. O. Beeton, as were "Beeton's Universal Information" and "Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book," and many other publications. Fourteen or fifteen years ago they started *Every Man His Own Mechanic*, which at once made its mark in the amateur world, and some idea may be gained of its extraordinary popularity when it is stated that ten very large editions have been absorbed in this country, America (where the firm has a branch establishment), and in the Colonies. The "Minerva Series" of cheap editions of standard works has also sold enormously.

It is not necessary, however, to enter into any exhaustive account of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden's books, a mere list of which would probably reach from London to Penzance. I should like to emphasise, however, a point to which I have already briefly referred, and that is the altogether new movement which has characterised their output during the past two or three years. My lamented friend and fellow-townsmen, the late George T. Bettany, M.A., did much, with his careful, conscientious, and brilliant works on "The World's Religions," "The World's Inhabitants," and his "History of the Reformation and Modern Protestantism," and other works which he supervised, to raise the status of the firm; and, since Mr. Bettany's early death, their publications include works by George Meredith, Oscar Wilde, Henry Herman, A. Conan Doyle, Thomas Nelson Page, Coulson Kernahan, and other writers of the younger school. The firm's most important recent



MR. JAMES BOWDEN.

movement in the way of fiction is their new edition of Henry Kingsley's novels, which has proved a great literary and commercial success. Their newest ventures include Mr. Douglas Sladen's "On the Cars and Off," with its beautiful collotype pictures of Canadian scenery, Miss Willard's "Autobiography," Max Pemberton's "Jewel Mysteries I have Known," Coulson Kernahan's "Sorrow and Song," and, to revert again to serials, the *Windsor Magazine*, which has achieved an immense success, not without deserving it.

In 1893 the firm became a private limited liability company, with Mr. James Bowden as managing director. Mr. Bowden began his career, under S. O. Beeton, in 1865, and when, four years later, Mr. Beeton

joined Ward and Lock, Mr. Bowden went with him. Ten years afterwards, in 1879, he first began to participate in the profits of the firm, subsequently becoming a managing partner: on July 27, 1891, his name was added to that of Ward and Lock. Much of the success of the firm during the past fifteen or sixteen years is due to Mr. Bowden, whose knowledge of publishing in every one of its manifold phases is such as few men can claim—particularly in regard to the law of copyright. He



MR. GEORGE E. LOCK.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

has also an intimate acquaintance with the details of American publishing, having travelled in that country and visited nearly all the more noteworthy publishing houses.

Mr. John Henry Lock, a brother of one of the founders, Mr. George Lock, became a partner at the same time as Mr. Bowden, and has been associated with the firm almost since its commencement. He was educated at Milton Abbot School, Blandford, and has, like Mr. Bowden, gone through the entire routine of the business. When Mr. Ward retired, the management of the financial department devolved upon him. The youngest of the three directors is Mr. George Ernest Lock, who became a director on the death of his father (Mr. George Lock), and who received an excellent three years' training in the various departments of W. H. Smith and Son, of the Strand. He entered his father's firm in 1881, and has also gone through all the different stages, from a traveller "on the road" to a seat on the Board of Directors.

W. ROBERTS.



ZEBUS WITH CAR, AT THE INDIAN EXHIBITION.

Photo by Mr. Chapman.

AN ANGLER'S HOLIDAY.

Getting Ready. For days before the spring really comes, the fisherman has looked out his rods and tied a stock of his favourite flies, anticipating many a fierce struggle, as he pursues his task. No thought of cold and wet or broken tackle interferes with his enjoyment; these incidents come later on, in plenty. Then arises the question, where to go? and all the advertisements in the various fishing journals are read and re-read, and the "Anglers' Diary" anxiously studied. North Wales offers many inducements in the early spring, for, if the weather is unpropitious—and it is sometimes in Wales—one can always find enjoyment among the flora and fauna, or in the famous scenery. One can "put up" at some snug little inn, built of slate, both roof and walls; where the roar of the mountain stream is always audible, and where, in the evening, all the local "powers" gather to chat over the day's events. Taking only a light rod and a fly-book—a landing-net is not even necessary—one can wander up among the hills, jumping from boulder to boulder, and casting here and there in the quiet pools. On either side the hills tower above, covered with oak, birch, or fir, and undergrowth of ferns and moss, among which lichen masses of rock thrust themselves out conspicuously. In the spring the streams, which are nearly dry in summer, are roaring torrents rushing down their rocky courses with a noisy hiss. Here and there a foaming waterfall or a swirling rapid vary the scene. In a few weeks the water-ouzel will have built her nest near one of these falls. Its mossy walls will be washed by the spray, but there is nothing to distinguish it from the surrounding rocks and moss but the little round entrance. Its shrill call and straight flight just over the water reminds one of the kingfisher; but I do not think the latter very often visits these streams—perhaps the current is too swift for them. Higher up, where the hills form into bluff cliffs, the "bluerocks" and kestrels have their nests, and some of them are always in sight. Now and again the hills widen out, and the stream runs through peaceful meadows, divided by rough walls of slate slabs, from which the ferns are just beginning to peep.

At Work. As we fish these quiet reaches, often whipping out a trout before we knew he was hooked, we can see the jays flying uneasily from wood to wood on the hills above, and hear the scornful laugh of the green woodpeckers. To-day the jays are silent, and only, later on, when they hear the chatter of the hungry young ones do they utter harsh calls. One of the men from the slate-quarry up the mountain is fishing a little pool at the foot of a rapid. His tackle is primitive—a few yards of rough line, and large hook weighted with a few shot and baited with a large lob-worm—but, nevertheless, it seems deadly, for beside him, on a heap of dead fern, are fully a score of lovely little trout, their brilliant red spots shining like jewels in the sun. He rapidly increases the number while we watch him. He has but a poor opinion of a fly; perhaps to-day, when the water is coloured and high from the rain, he may have a larger bag, but a larger bag does not make up for the keen enjoyment of the ever-changing scenery as one strolls quietly on, or the excitement when the rod bends double with the struggles of some monster of the stream; for, although small, they are very game little fish, and fight manfully to the last. There are but few flies "up" yet; the melting snow from the mountains makes the stream still cold, and, until the water is warmer, the flies do not rise much.

The Angler Muses.

It is very pretty to see a "March Brown" floating lightly down stream, its pretty, gauzy wings making it as graceful as a nautilus—and how the fisherman longs to make his fly sit as lightly on the water!—when the sudden disappearance of the "March Brown" and a few circles show that some trout are on the watch. There is the ruin of an old abbey in one of these meads that we pass through; the thick stone walls still show it to have been of some size. A very peaceful life the old monks must have lived, shut out from the world by the mountains. They always seem to have chosen sites open to the sun and near a stream. I dare say they fished in much the same way as the quarryman in the pool below. On a bed of soft sand near, the foot-prints of an otter are clearly indented. Otters are fairly plentiful along the stream, though not so often seen as is their handiwork—the half-eaten remains of a fish on a stone in the stream is a common sight. Up the mountains, on the left, we can see the slate roofs of the quarry barracks; a huge water-wheel, slowly revolving, shows it is still worked. In one of the tunnels of the quarry a ring-ouzel nests and rears its young every year, in spite of the trams which run through it continually.

The Quarry Fishers.

Many of these quarrymen have some particular hobby to employ their spare time; one of them is an enthusiastic collector of local ferns. In his little cottage he has arranged a most valuable collection of local specimens. On a holiday he will ramble off for twenty or thirty miles over the mountains. As surefooted as the sheep themselves, he will search crannies that tourists never dream of and mountaineers never visit. In this way he has obtained a magnificent holly-fern and a fine Royal, and he knows just where to find the pretty parsley-fern. They are fine singers, too, these quarrymen; one often hears them joining in a chorus during their dinner-time, and many of them can read music well at sight. It is just these unexpected incidents that make an angler's holiday in Wales so pleasant. His mind is at peace with all the world, and he is satisfied with a tranquil rest not to be obtained in crowded cities.

F. R. W.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



YOKEL: "I want to see the Doctor."

MAID: "He's not at home; but you can see the local demon (*locum tenens*) if you like!"



1. Given your dog,



2. Your cat,



3. A rat,



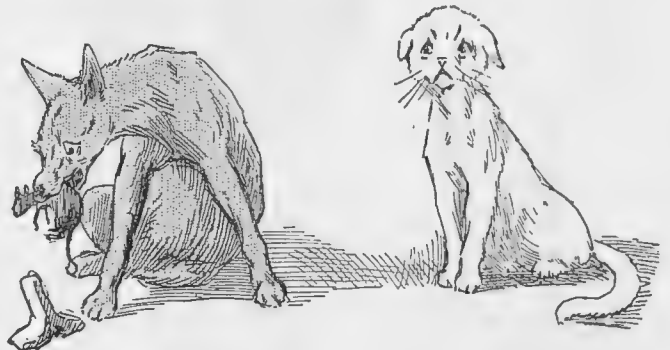
4. And a bone.



5. You bring them into action.



6. And if you don't like cats you make the cat get the worst of it, in various ways.



8. And the dog two chances.

7. But if your intentions are unbiased you give the bone and rat a chance,



9. By the time the dog has worried the rat out of existence, the cat may use its best endeavours to share the spoil.



10. With the best results,



11. The cat and dog being both satisfied.

Louis Wain.



PORTLY PARTY : " I 've lost fifteen pounds ! "

FRIEND : " Oh, dear ! I 'm very sorry to hear it. "

PORTLY PARTY : " Oh, you misunderstand me !—not money, weight. "

THE STORY OF A WRESTLER.

Some day one of Europe's leading theatrical entertainment purveyors may take the world into his confidence and relate some of the tricks innumerable by which managers deceive the public. At present, the best stories are kept for the *cognoscenti*, and are seldom or never recorded. A tale is being told that will, by suppression of names and places, bear repetition. One of the best halls in a leading capital was doing very bad business, and stood greatly in need of an attraction. The proprietor consulted his favourite agent, and finally a strong-man wrestler was secured at a low figure, and it was announced that five hundred pounds would be paid to any person who could throw him. People were engaged to be thrown nightly, and the show filled the house. The

wrestler killed eight opponents and crippled more than a dozen." The man did not wish to hesitate, but his wife begged and prayed and cried until he reluctantly gave up the idea of the contest. "Now," continued the agent, "if you like to come in to-night, I will tell our man to deal gently with you; and if he throws you, we shall be pleased to pay you five pounds for the trouble, and repeat the payment as often as you like to call." So the burly butcher came, and was thrown and took his cash solatium like a man; and such of the world as knew the facts and noted how all the town went wild for seats and rushed to see the show, agreed that the agent was a man that knew his business. However, the wrestler was quite unaware that the butcher was not doing his best, and, accordingly, imagined that he threw him by force of superior strength. So he demanded a further rise, and yet another, until the director, seeing the boom was nearly at an end, sent him about his business. Some fifty



SYMPATHY.

SMALL BOY: "You are an old maid now, Auntie; let me build you a house to live in."

papers were full of stories of the man's nightly feats, and the hero, who was a man of little more than ordinary strength, began to imagine that he could throw anybody. Accordingly, he demanded an increase in his very moderate salary, and succeeded in getting it. A week later a man who practised the gentle craft of horse-slaughtering, and was renowned throughout the slums of the town for his great strength, sent a challenge to the performer, and on receipt of his letter the proprietor saw the five hundred pounds and the boom in strong men about to disappear at the same time. The agent was equal to the occasion. He sent a polite note to the knacker, asking him to call early on the following day, with his wife. The pair arrived punctually, and found the agent sitting at a table, with pens, ink, and paper before him. He asked the gentle slaughterman his full name and age, and how many children he had. Then, after writing assiduously for ten minutes, he read a long declaration, in which the knacker indemnified the music-hall company from all responsibility on account of any damage to his life that might be the result of the contest. "You must sign this," continued the agent, "for in America this

miles away is a very prosperous town, whose inhabitants are ever ready to emulate the doings of their fellow-countrymen. The management of the best place of entertainment there engaged the wrestler, who agreed to go for the very best salary he had ever received. He appeared on the night appointed, and met with a huge reception from a big crowd. The management thought his power was genuine—in fact, the wrestler thought so himself, and on this account there were no "dummy" wrestlers. None the less, the very first amateur who stepped on to the platform threw the famous wrestler with ease. A second followed suit, while the third to attempt the feat disabled the wrestler for the rest of the evening. There was a state of uproar and confusion; lights were lowered, and the whole entertainment came to an abrupt end. On the following day the Press ran into leading articles, treating the matter from the discursive, philosophical, or sportive standpoints, to the great enlightenment of the public. And among the many thousands who were entertained by this nine-days' wonder, only two people knew the why and wherefore of the strange result.

HIGHLAND DANCING.

Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.



THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

LIBER AMORIS.*

Mr. Burgess has unearthed from unmerited oblivion one of the literary curiosities of the eighteenth century. In 1779 Sir Herbert Croft, a shifty baronet who scribbled much and strayed into the Church, published "Love and Madness," purporting to be a series of letters which passed between Martha Reay and James Hackman, together with a biographical sketch of Chatterton, written under Hackman's name. This book ran through many editions, and Croft, elated by his success, hinted broadly that the Chatterton narrative was his own composition. Suspicion then fell, unreasonably Mr. Burgess thinks, on the authenticity of the letters, which certainly do not bear any notable resemblance in point of style to Croft's story of Chatterton. That is a work which any intelligent person might have produced; but the letters, especially those of Miss Reay, if they are fictitious, argue a more considerable talent than Croft has otherwise exhibited. The interest they excited at the time was due to the murder of Miss Reay by Hackman at the Opera House. The unfortunate woman was leaving the theatre, when Hackman shot her through the head, and then made an abortive attempt to commit suicide. Miss Reay was well known as the mistress of Lord Sandwich, and her amiability and accomplishments had gained her many friends, including "a Bishop's lady." Hackman had been in the Army, and had subsequently entered the Church. He committed the crime in a fit of jealousy, because Miss Reay had refused to marry him. That intimate relations had existed between them is beyond question; and even if the letters which Mr. Burgess has resuscitated are not genuine, they portray, with extraordinary vividness, the passion which had so tragic an end. "The originals," says Mr. Burgess, "or copies of the originals—for Hackman was sufficiently romantic to have kept copies of his own letters—were given to Kearsley, the publisher, by Mr. Frederick Booth, Hackman's brother-in-law." When "Love and Madness" appeared, Booth made no protest, and the inference is that he did not recognise the letters as the invention of Croft. This argument is not quite conclusive, for, apparently, Booth did not protest against the alleged biography of Chatterton by Hackman, which Mr. Burgess believes to have been Croft's handiwork. Besides, Booth, of whose character nothing is said, may have been perfectly content with the popularity of the alleged correspondence, while Kearsley may have had commercial reasons for holding his tongue. On the other hand, the letters themselves testify, if not to the good faith of Croft—who, to be sure, showed very little of that quality in certain transactions with Chatterton's sister—at least to an insight and a capacity which give the distracted vows of Miss R. and Mr. H. no insignificant place among literary achievements.

Martha Reay, when an apprentice to a mantua-maker, was introduced by a pimp to Lord Sandwich, and lived under his protection for many years. She is said to have made the acquaintance of Captain Hackman at Hinchinbrook, where Lord Sandwich had a house. He had given her an excellent education, especially in music, for which his passion made him an expert performer on the kettle-drum. I fear the art of expressing tender sentiment on that instrument perished with him. The young officer became enamoured of Martha at once, and he was soon engaged in persuading her that the debt she owed to Sandwich, the father of her children, was rather that of a daughter than a mistress. It was natural enough that Martha should reciprocate the ardour of a lover who was not, like Sandwich, thirty years her senior, and we soon find her assuring Hackman that their relations "are not discovered to the prophane," though there seems to have been some spying by an Otaheitan visitor, named Omiah. Assignations were not made in the house at Hinchinbrook, for Hackman declined to "insult his Lordship's walls"; but opportunities elsewhere were not lacking. Martha, who had a pretty fancy when making an appointment, dreaded "lest conscience, which is just



MR. GILBERT BURGESS.

Photo by Sarony, New York.

now looking over my left shoulder, should snatch my pen and scratch out to-morrow." She copies out for her lover the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," as appropriate to their situation. He is given to poetry, too, and he justifies certain rhymes, which Mr. Burgess has discreetly omitted, on the paradoxical ground that "to the uninitiated, in whom they might, perhaps, raise improper ideas, they are *totally unintelligible*." But Hackman was not satisfied with this clandestine conquest. Very early in the history he proposes marriage, and from this point the tragedy develops. Miss Reay first objected that she could not marry him, because she was loaded with debt. He declared that their intimacy should cease till marriage had made them one, and, while applauding this resolution, which was faithfully kept, she showed no readiness to meet his wishes. At her instance he rejoined his regiment in Ireland, where he continued to write passionate epistles, interspersed with anecdotes and gossip. One passage aroused Martha's jealousy in a fashion which does remarkable justice to Croft's discernment, if it is a mere fable. Hackman had described a friend's "agreeable wife," who "by her beauty and accomplishments does credit to this country. She is remarkable, also, for her feeling, though in a different way." Miss Reay retorted, "Neither am I without my friends. A lady from whom I have received particular favours is uncommonly kind to me. *For the credit of your side of the water, she is an Irishwoman. Her agreeable husband, by his beauty and accomplishments, does credit to this country. He is remarkable, also, for his feelings.*" Hackman's protestations and occasional excursions into a sentimental guide-book style may suggest fabrication here and there; but in Martha's letters there is a multitude of genuine touches so purely feminine that to suppose them fictitious is to exalt Croft among the practitioners of the novelist's art. Hackman continued to plead for marriage, and, when Miss Reay declared she would go on the stage, he threatened to organise a cabal and damn her on the first night. Probably it was anxiety about her children which caused her to write, "My *not* marrying you is the strongest proof of my love." Whether it was calculation, or the waning of affection, or an honest belief that, in the circumstances, marriage with Hackman would ruin both, it is clear that her attitude caused a breach in their relations after his return to London and his ordination as a clergyman. His letters began to show a morbid brooding over suicide. He went to the Opera House, with the resolve to kill himself; but the sight of his lost love in the society of other men excited a murderous frenzy, which precipitated a worse catastrophe.

The editor of this book has done his work with adroitness and discretion, and whatever may be thought about his theory of "a veritable human document," he has undoubtedly restored to us a most interesting romance. I have read many historical love-letters which do not possess anything like the semblance of truth and passion which distinguishes this correspondence. "Nature was in one of her extravagant moods when she put you together," writes the adorer to his mistress; and in the spirit of that excess, Mr. Burgess—small blame to him—stakes his ardent trust in these amatory outpourings.

A.

A BALLADE IN THE SEASON.

When blossom burst in Park and Square,
And riders thickened in the Row,
And lie on line of garden-chair
With Fashion's flowers began to glow,
When perfumed fop and wrinkled beau
To dainty damsels homage paid,
We sat and watched the gallant show
And light love softly round us played.

As sprightly hack and stately pair
Went glancing past in ceaseless flow
I praised the glories of your hair,
The way you tied that satin bow;
I felt our gay hearts closer grow,
The season's spell upon us laid,
As sunshine flickered to and fro,
And light love softly round us played.

Ah! town that year was very fair:
I loved my friend, forgave my foe,
You felt that nothing could impair
The joys that youth and grace bestow:
We heard the merry coach-horns blow;
Our hearts, in festal robes arrayed,
Laughed at the very name of woe!
And light love softly round us played.

ENVOY.

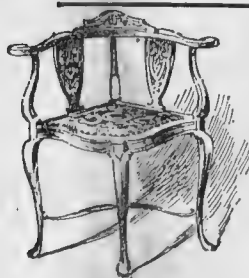
But seasons come and seasons go,
And passions pass and memories fade;
The grass is mown, and even so
The love that once around us played.

J. RIDDELL ROBINSON.

* "The Love Letters of Mr. H. and Miss R." 1775-79. Edited by Gilbert Burgess. London: W. Heinemann.

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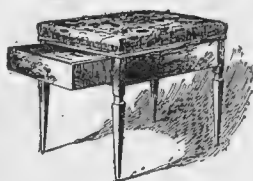
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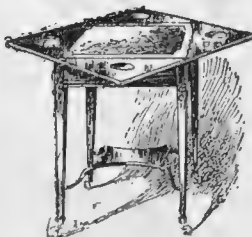
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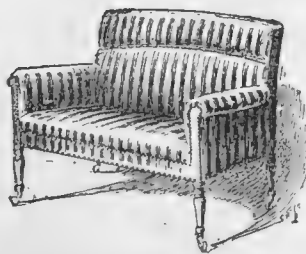
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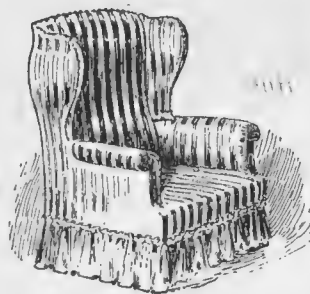
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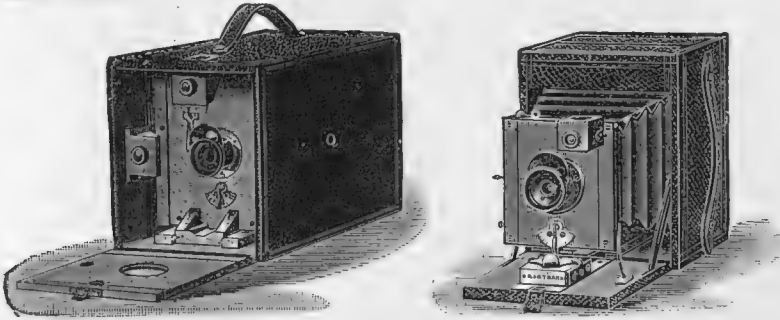
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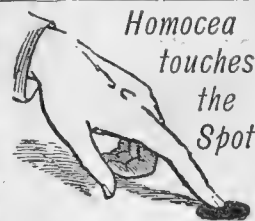
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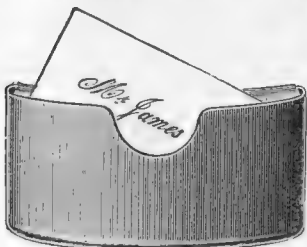
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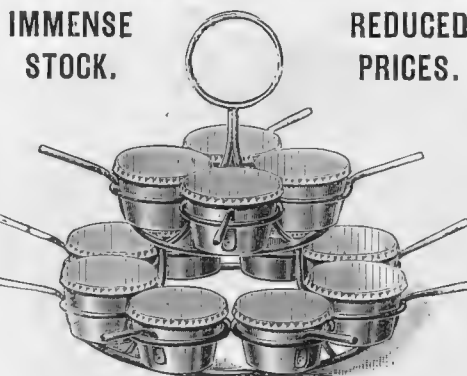
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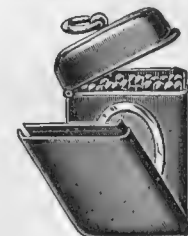
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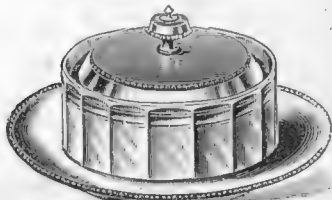
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GIRLS AS GYMNASTS.

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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

I thought I should never be able to beat my record of last week for sensations. That is the worst of thinking you know the best about cricket. One should never pretend to know anything excepting what has happened. It was given to W. G. Grace, the Grand Old Man of cricket, to provide the sensation of the season up to date. After Abel had scored his 217, and Gunn his 219, "W. G." took it into his head, as the oldest man now playing first-class cricket, to beat all the youngsters out of sight and out of mind. It was against Somerset, at Bristol, near the spot where he was born, that the immortal Doctor chose to astonish the world with a score of 288. This in itself would be more than a seven-days' wonder; but when one remembers that this innings made his hundredth century score in first-class cricket, one can only pause in silent wonder. When one pauses in silent wonder, it is the custom to speak, to shout, to clap one's hands; and for days the newspapers have been ringing with the praises of the veteran, who began to play cricket forty years ago.

It is thirty years next season since Grace made his first century score in first-class cricket. This was an innings of 224 for England against Surrey, and it is rather a coincidence that this old-time fixture should have been revived this season, and that Grace this very day is again representing England against Surrey, with, I hope, another big score to his credit. It would only be a fitting thing in *The Sketch* to give a record of "W. G.'s" century of centuries, but, great as is the respect and admiration of the editor for the worthy Doctor, he remembers that there are other things besides cricket calling for attention. It will not, however, be out of place to give a record of all the scores of 200 and over that have been made in first-class cricket since 1820. Of these Grace has scored 200 and over ten times, Shrewsbury has seven times reached 200, W. W. Read three times, Gunn four times, and W. L. Murdoch twice. On one occasion W. W. Read has scored over 300, and "W. G.," at the top as usual, has scored 300 and over on three separate occasions. The following is the complete list of double centuries—

1820	W. Ward ...	M.C.C. v. Norfolk *	278
1859	Hayward, T. ...	Cambridge v. University...	220
1865	Jupp, H. ...	Players of South v. Gentlemen of South	216
1866	W. G. Grace ...	England v. Surrey ...	224a
1870	W. G. Grace ...	Gentlemen v. Players ...	215
1871	W. G. Grace ...	South v. North ...	268
1871	W. G. Grace ...	Gentlemen v. Players ...	217
1871	T. G. Matthews...	Gloucester v. Surrey ...	201
1871	W. H. Hadow ...	Middlesex v. M.C.C. ...	217
1876	W. G. Grace ...	M.C.C. v. Kent ...	344
1876	W. G. Grace ...	Gloucester v. Yorkshire ...	318a
1876	W. R. Gilbert ...	England v. Cambridge ...	205a
1877	W. G. Grace ...	South v. North ...	261
1882	W. L. Murdoch ...	Australians v. Sussex ...	286a
1882	H. H. Massie ...	Australians v. Oxford ...	206
1882	Shrewsbury, A. ...	Notts v. Surrey ...	207
1883	Lockwood, E. ...	Yorkshire v. Kent ...	208
1884	W. L. Murdoch ...	Australia v. England ...	211
1884	F. E. Lacey ...	Hants v. Kent ...	211
1884	Shrewsbury, A. ...	Notts v. Sussex ...	209
1885	W. G. Grace ...	Gloucester v. Middlesex ...	221a
1885	Shrewsbury, A. ...	Notts v. Middlesex ...	224a
1885	W. E. Roller ...	Surrey v. Sussex ...	204
1885	Gunn ...	M.C.C. v. Yorkshire ...	203
1885	F. M. Lucas ...	Sussex v. Gloucester ...	215a
1886	Shrewsbury, A. ...	Notts v. Gloucester ...	227a
1887	W. W. Read ...	Surrey v. Lancashire ...	247
1887	W. W. Read ...	Surrey v. Cambridge ...	244a
1887	K. J. Key ...	Oxford v. Middlesex ...	281
1887	A. J. Webbe ...	Middlesex v. Yorkshire ...	240a
1887	Shrewsbury, A. ...	Notts v. Middlesex ...	267
1887	Gunn ...	Notts v. Sussex ...	205a
1888	W. W. Read ...	Surrey v. Oxford ...	338
1888	W. G. Grace ...	Gloucester v. Sussex ...	215
1890	Shrewsbury, A. ...	Notts v. Sussex ...	267
1890	Gunn ...	Players v. Australians ...	228
1891	A. E. Stoddart ...	Middlesex v. Lancashire ...	215a
1892	A. W. Scott ...	Middlesex v. Gloucester ...	224
1892	H. T. Hewett ...	Somerset v. Yorkshire ...	201
1892	Shrewsbury, A. ...	Notts v. Middlesex ...	212
1895	Abel ...	Surrey v. Essex ...	217
1895	Gunn ...	Notts v. Sussex ...	219
1895	W. G. Grace ...	Gloucester v. Somerset ...	288
1895	W. G. Grace ...	Gloucester v. Kent ...	257

"a" signifies "Not out."

* Norfolk was a first-class county in 1820.

The batsmen named in the above list scored for the first-named side.

Meanwhile, all the first-class counties have been trying to slaughter each other. Next to Grace's heroic deeds should be mentioned the record score of Notts. The Midland county, playing against Sussex at Nottingham, put on no fewer than 726 runs, which is not only a record in first-class county cricket, but is also the highest score ever put on by an English eleven. It this total three separate centuries were scored. The great Gunn led the way with 219, followed by G. Howitt (119) and Bagguley (110).

After this notable achievement one would, of course, have expected Notts to smash Leicestershire anyhow. Anyhow they did not. It was a keen battle fought at Leicester, and, with low scoring all round, the home county won by 79 runs. Pougher, the Leicester professional, was the hero of this match, for not only did he capture ten wickets, but he made

96 runs for once out. Now that Leicester has beaten two such counties as Surrey and Notts, what is to hinder it from winning the championship?

Meanwhile, how go the favourites? Surrey have lost to Leicester, and defeated Essex and Warwickshire—each with the utmost ease and an innings to spare. It is remarkable that Lockwood, the Surrey crack, who was something of a failure with Mr. Stoddart's team in Australia, should suddenly return to his best form on his native heath, both with bat and ball. As a matter of fact, he scored 158 against Warwickshire without giving a chance. This is the best thing he has done in first-class cricket. In the same match Brockwell once more proved his qualities as a sensational bowler. On a perfect wicket, he disposed of eight Warwickshire batsmen for 22 runs. This feat is so remarkable that it deserves a word of explanation. Warwickshire had scored 62 for the loss of one wicket, which was a "run-out." Lockwood and Richardson tried their utmost to effect a parting, and failed. It was then Brockwell's opportunity. In a few minutes he had changed the whole aspect of the game. Three men were immediately caught off his bowling, and he finished the innings by knocking down the stumps of the next five. I have rarely seen a bowling performance to approach this. Perhaps the next best bowling feat was that of Martin, who, playing for the M.C.C. at Lord's, captured four Derbyshire wickets with successive balls without cost. Had he not had some runs knocked off him earlier in the innings, his analysis would have read even better than Brockwell's, but the actual figures were six wickets for 22.

There is a long list of important matches for the coming (*Sketch*) week, the majority of which commence on Whit-Monday. When Somerset come to Lord's on this holiday to measure their strength with Middlesex, there is always a large and enthusiastic crowd, and on this occasion the interest of the match will be heightened by the fact that Tom Mycroft will receive a benefit. Mycroft, who is a well-known member of the ground staff at Lord's, was born near Chesterfield in 1849, and, of course, he belongs to the old school of cricket. Another great match on Whit-Monday is that between Surrey and Nottingham at Trent Bridge. The following is the complete list of matches—

May 30—At Oxford, University v. Kent.

At Manchester, Lancashire v. Leicestershire.

At Lord's, Middlesex v. Gloucestershire.

At Birmingham, Warwickshire v. Surrey.

At Cambridge, University v. Yorkshire.

At Taunton, Somersetshire v. Hampshire.

June 3—At Lord's, Middlesex v. Somerset (Mycroft's Benefit).

At Nottingham, Notts v. Surrey.

At Brighton, Sussex v. Gloucestershire.

At Birmingham, Warwickshire v. Kent.

At Sheffield, Yorkshire v. Lancashire.

At Leyton, Essex v. Leicestershire.

At Southampton, Hampshire v. Derbyshire.

The proprietors of the *News of the World* are issuing an excellent series of portraits of famous cricketers, in sixteen weekly numbers at sixpence. Each number will have fourteen single portraits and two cricket teams, and on the cover will be given another portrait and a view of one of the principal cricket-grounds in England, Australia, or India, giving a total of 288 portraits and views. As far as possible, each portrait will have a facsimile autograph signature and a short descriptive account. Mr. C. W. Alcock, of the Surrey County Cricket Club, edits the series.

CYCLING.

If there are to be more records in record-breaking, there must, of course, be an improvement in tracks as well as in riders, and in these days it would be really difficult to decide who is deserving of the most attention—the man who designs the cycling-track and orders its composition, or the sprinter who glides swiftly over the prepared surface in his desire to beat Old Father Time and disturb the figures in the record book. It was only a few days ago that the new track at Catford Bridge was opened by Lord Kinnaird, the well-known President of the Football Association, and on this occasion the Committee had the pleasure of chalking up at least two records. F. W. Chinn, of the Moseley C. and A. C., rode in grand style, and in the half-mile cycle scratch race he created a British amateur record by covering the distance in 30 4-5 sec. Tandem racing promises to be a great feature of the present wheeling season, and it would be difficult to find a more capable pair in this style of competition than Messrs. A. J. Watson and J. Platt-Betts. These two covered the mile in 2 min. 13 3-5 sec., and the last quarter-mile (26 2-5 sec.) was a British record. Mr. Platt-Betts also won the ten-mile race at Catford, and the easy manner in which he is now riding would appear to indicate that he has lost none of those staying abilities which served him so well in the longer distances last season.

But Catford is not the latest scheme. The other day I had a private view of the North London track, which is situated at Wood Green, in one of the most charming districts of the Metropolis. The surface is a three-inch layer of McQuone's patent, and it is laid upon eight inches of hard core. As in the case of Catford, the banking is abnormally high, and the mile represents three laps and a half. In the centre there is a running-track, four laps to the mile, and the area within this path represents 11,500 square yards. The Essex Cycling Union having decided to make the North London track their headquarters for the season, an opening meeting will be held next (Whit) Monday, and a big programme has been arranged.

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THE OMAR KHAYYÁM CLUB.

The quarterly dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club on May 21 (writes a member) carried with it the usual succession of eloquent speeches, and—what was perhaps of equal importance—the usual abundant indications of good-fellowship. The Club, we may assume, intends to make this last the principal reason for its existence. Persian scholars in abundance it no doubt numbers among its members, and it may also be safely asserted that they all of them know their FitzGerald well, but a becoming reticence on the subject was stated by one of the visitors to characterise the Club. Be that as it may, the Club showed a certain solicitude as to the condition of the rose-bushes which were so recently planted upon Edward FitzGerald's grave, and it showed an equal solicitude as to the condition of the tomb of Omar himself at Nishapur. From Mr. Curzon's book on Persia it would appear that that tomb is in a very neglected condition, and the Club proposes to approach the Shah with a view to this state of things being rectified. Mr. William Simpson, who alone among our members has visited Nishapur, informed us that he did not think there would be the slightest difficulty in securing the interest of the Shah in the matter. The Shah, he reminded us, had himself written a considerable amount of poetry and had literary enthusiasms, and the fact that a number of English gentlemen were interested in the Persian poet would be to him a source of considerable satisfaction. Our chairman, Mr. Edward Clodd, welcomed the accession of three new members, in the persons of Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., Mr. Moncreux Conway, and Mr. Max Pemberton, and dwelt upon the accession of diverse literary gifts which was implied in this addition to our ranks. Mr. Birrell—who is one of the best of after-dinner speakers this country can boast—lived up to his reputation. Mr. Conway emphasised the immense interest which was being taken in America in our society; on no subject, he told us, was he asked so many questions, in a recent visit to America, as upon this subject of the Omar Club. Mr. Max Pemberton also responded, in a few witty words, and he was followed by Mr. George Whale, who had to propose the toast of "The Visitors." The presence of Mr. Andrew Lang, Dr.

Garnett, and Dr. Robertson Nicoll, gave Mr. Whale abundant material for eloquence. Mr. Lang, in acknowledgment of some very appreciative references to his poetic gifts, expressed his willingness to write a poem for the Club on some future occasion. Dr. Garnett, in a delightful little speech, emphasised the remarkable continuity of literature in that, some eight hundred years after Omar's death, a number of people, of whom Omar himself had never heard, in a country of the existence of which he was ignorant, were met to do honour to his verse. Mr. Sidney Low, editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, brought us down to earth by the story of a member of the Carlton Club who described Omar as "the fellow who wrote the 'Iliad'!" Then Mr. "Adrian Ross"—the "Adrian Ross" of "Don Juan," "Morocco Bound," and other comic operas, but the Arthur Reed Ropes of many valuable historical criticisms—gave us the following verses—

May, and the glory of gardens blossoming,
May that befits our master whom we sing:

He loved the roses, and their time is now,
When summer lingers at the gate of spring.

So bid the cup its rose of wine unclose,
And drink like wine the fragrance of the rose:

To many lords of many lands we bow—
These are the rulers that the whole world knows.

Omar, you sang the roses and the wine,
The singing girl, the swinging tavern sign;
Shame on the pedants who would make our sage
A moonstruck mystic or a deep divine!

They do to you as scribes and priests have done
To that great Song of golden Solomon;

They read their dogma on your rose page,
For they are saints; but, Omar, you were none.

We envy not the saint what bliss he hath;
Still let him cheer his puritanic path

With what of joy his joyless rules permit,
The beer of ginger and the bun of Bath.

Still let him give his eighteenpenny teas
Unconscionable names in Cingalese,

And shake with laughter at Sir Wilfrid's wit,
Retailing proudly some primeval wheeze.

We plunder not the Pharisaic fold,
Whose drinks are new; whose jests and maidens old;

Content to cherish what the Dervish hates,
The cup of ruby and the curls of gold.

The pure Progressive, pale and Jaeger-clad,
Would lift us upward to his latest fad;

Our streets he raises, raises, too, our rates,
And worsens by his betterment, the bad.

But though his taxes terrible and just
Grind the ground landlord down into the dust,

He may not strip us of the three we crave,
The jug of wine, the song-book, and the crust.

Still shall our rose endure beside his rue,
At Nishapur, or Babylon, or Kew,

And still the ritual of that garden grave,
The glass we drain and turn, Omar, to you.

Among other members and guests present were Mr. Wey, of Chicago, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, Mr. Somers Somerset, Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, Mr. A. Forestier, Mr. Henry Norman, and the secretary, Mr. Frederic Hudson.



THE OMAR KHAYYÁM MENU CARD.—DRAWN BY WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I.

That excellent charity, the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, in Shoreditch, must surely have benefited considerably by the entertainment which was given in aid of its funds at the Queen's Gate Hall the other evening, for the long, narrow room was filled to overflowing. The burden of the show was sustained by the pupils of Mr. Van Lennep's "Central College of London for Music," and with their efforts a big audience seemed thoroughly contented. The *pièce-de-résistance* was an operetta in one act, entitled "His Last Chance," the words and music of which were written by a brother and sister respectively of that clever novelist Miss Beatrice Harraden; and, though neither music nor words showed too deep a tinge of originality, the former was an admirable vehicle in which to convey to public notice the mezzo-soprano voice of a very charming young *ingénue*, Miss Dorothy Glenton, of whom London music-lovers will probably hear more ere long, for the said voice is of remarkable range and quality, while her method shows a wonderfully careful training. Of the American gentleman who supported her, it can only be said that he had a rich Yankee accent, and that he amused the audience exceedingly, whether intentionally or not does not matter. The duets of Mr. and Mrs. Van Lennep went capitally, as they deserved to do, and the evening may, on the whole, be put down as a double success—in the cause of charity and of art.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

There is something almost tragic about Lord Rosebery's position. It is stated, with some show of authority—and what I have heard repeated as being said in conversation by a Liberal Peer confirms this account—that he is in despair at the virtual wrecking of his political career. If Lord Rosebery is rightly to be regarded as an exceptionally able and ambitious man, whose real desires for Imperial and social reform have been baulked by the legacy of Gladstonian promises which his Premiership inherited, this view can not only be easily understood, but is so obviously right that no one could wonder at the nervous breakdown from which he has been suffering. But the Premier is not quite so simple a character, one suspects, as this estimate makes out. I often doubt whether Lord Rosebery ever had any genuine enthusiasm for domestic politics. Foreign affairs interest him, without question. But as for his Premiership, why he took it partly because he was forced to, and partly because it was a new sensation. Lord Rosebery has never denied himself anything, as far as I have ever heard; he has run through life at a pretty pace, and he had boasted that he would win the Derby and be Prime Minister. It is said that his sole object in life now is to find another new sensation. Perhaps he finds it in standing between Sir William Harcourt and the object of his desires.

GAIN AND LOSS.

Dr. MacGregor's resignation was a distinct blow to the Radicals last week. The worthy Doctor is laughed at; but, after all, he has shown that he is in earnest, and that is what very few men on his own side have any title to call themselves, now that the policy of "filling up the cup" has been pursued with their approbation. Dr. MacGregor entered Parliament with the object of doing something for the Crofters of the Highlands and Islands, and he has stuck to the Government as long as he hoped against hope that they would legislate on the lines he favoured. But, after nearly three years, he is forced to recognise that they do not mean to do anything. Dr. MacGregor has shown some rather childlike innocence and want of guile in his long waiting, but, when he does make up his mind, he acts. The loss of even one supporter cannot now be looked upon by the Government with equanimity. Then the Unionists have received fresh accessions of strength from Walworth and Leamington. The Leamington election is particularly satisfactory, after the local squabbles which nearly drove many Conservatives away from the poll. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton is a recruit to the Unionist cause who is likely to be valuable. It makes the Home Rulers mad to know that Mr. Gladstone's favourite nephew is a convert to the Opposition. But, what with Mr. O'Brien's renewed caperings towards the Bankruptcy Court and these Unionist successes in "the predominant partner," the Home Rulers have nothing to rejoice at just now.

THE RETURN OF MR. RITCHIE.

Among the new Unionist members, mention must be made more particularly of the return of Mr. Ritchie for Croydon. It is rather too freely stated, by the way, that Mr. Ritchie has had to stand out of Parliament because of his unpopularity as the author of the London County Council. It was not as the creator of the County Council that Mr. Ritchie was defeated in the East End in 1892. His defeat was due to much simpler causes, which Parliamentary candidates appreciate only too well. Now that Mr. Ritchie is once again in the House of Commons, he has found a safe seat at Croydon, which he may occupy for many years. As the leader of the Moderate Party in the County Council, Mr. Ritchie will have, in the House, a task ready to his hand; and when the Unionist Administration is formed, he will be a very popular Minister to undertake what London reforms may be projected.

TIDING OVER WHITSUNTIDE.

From Sir William Harcourt's statement last week, in which he declined to take the advice of his more extreme supporters, and gag and guillotine his Bills through the House without further show of debate, it was clear that, for the moment, the Ministry had nearly made up their minds to go on as best they might till Whitsuntide, and then utilise the short holiday available for determining what was to happen next. Nothing could have been more significant of the mind of the Cabinet. It was known that some of the Ministers were in favour of cutting the whole business and going to the country at once, but there was a feeling among the younger men that this would look too much like desertion. They had nailed their flag to the mast, said Mr. Acland and Mr. Asquith, and they would do anything rather than voluntarily take it down. The policy is intelligible enough, on the supposition that the Unionists will inevitably win when the great struggle comes. How far is that supposition true? I think there is no doubt whatever of our winning. A majority is certain for Unionism, but there are no signs of a sweeping majority. If we come in, it will be with a small majority. When in, it will be our business to increase it. If the Radical Government which came in with a majority of forty in 1892 had really increased, or even maintained its hold on the country, how different things would have been now! But their programme has been knocked to pieces, and they have done nothing to arouse a new enthusiasm to replace Home Rule. Government by a small majority is hard work enough; but if any Ministry could come well out of it, it would have to be one which could appeal to the House of Lords with the moral force of the country behind it, as well as the arithmetical majority in the House of Commons.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

The Parliamentary week has been a week of small stratagems and alarms rather than of great events. But, if nothing very serious has happened—for it is impossible to call the retirement of Dr. MacGregor a serious event—I never knew a time of greater uneasiness and uncertainty. The trouble has, of course, arisen more on the Ministerial than on the Opposition side. We are, undoubtedly, in not too happy case. The relations between the Leader of the House and his followers do not improve—nay, they tend to worsen as time goes on. Sir William is a very clever man, a very astute Parliamentary hand. But it is no secret that he refuses to accept the Rosebery Premiership, and that he ostentatiously professes his willingness to be beaten in a division or to see the Government brought to an end next month, next week, or even to-morrow. These sentiments of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—expressed freely to deputations, to political opponents, and in asides in the tea-room—get reported, and they have a deeply discouraging effect on the Party. They sow distrust of Sir William Harcourt's tactics, and, while they increase Lord Rosebery's difficulties, do not improve his own position.

THE WELSH BILL.

All this is a pity, for in some ways the Chancellor of the Exchequer is an extremely astute, and even masterly, Parliamentary leader. I should not like to say too dogmatically that he is wrong even in refusing to apply the Closure to the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. Of course, if he could get it through without this special machinery, the case against the Lords would be improved. It could be argued that the Bill had been debated at great length in the Commons, and that no extraordinary effort had been made to expedite it, or to cut short criticism. The question is whether this will happen. The Welsh Bill is not in the category of the Budget of 1894 and of the English Local Government Bill, both of which, though they were contentious, were not measures that the Opposition received with root-and-branch hostility. I believe the Tories mean to stalemate the Government, and that, thanks to the Chancellor's tactics, they are not unlikely to achieve this end.

THE PASSING OF THE MACGREGOR.

Meanwhile Dr. MacGregor has left us, after many threats, after many demonstrations, after many protests. I am sorry to say that his retirement behind the Bar, accompanied as it was by sweeping obeisances to the Chair, was received, not as it should have been, in solemn silence, but with fits of laughter. We shall miss the Doctor, for he is one of the characters of the House, and his pertinacity, his defiance of Parliamentary forms, mixed as they have been with a certain exaggerated courtliness, both towards his Leader and the Chair, have given the descriptive writers many pleasurable moments. I do not think his withdrawal will come to much, for Inverness is likely to return another Crofter member, and, if so, the Whips will certainly rejoice at the opportunity of replacing a frisky goer like the good Doctor by a more steady member of the team. The worst of it is that these small incidents which to a Government with a majority of a hundred would be trifles light as air, weigh down the delicately poised balance against a Government which now has not more than ten or twelve. There may, indeed, be a rally, though I confess I do not quite see the quarter from which it is to come. As things stand, a sombre air of defeat rests on the faces of Ministerialists in House and Lobby.

THE WEAKNESS OF MR. ASQUITH.

Things have been going rather strangely in the Grand Committee on the Factory Bill. The agitation in favour of the measure has greatly strengthened the hands of the Home Secretary, and there has been something like a panic among the little knot of individualist Liberals headed by great manufacturers like Sir James Joicey and Mr. Colman, who showed signs of desiring to seriously weaken the Bill. Mr. Asquith has, therefore, had a great opportunity, which, strangely enough, he has failed to use. He is, no doubt, an over-worked and over-worried man just now, and some excuse can be made for him. But he has shown himself a little slow, and more than a little timid. Mr. Chamberlain has been behaving very badly in the Committee, and has done his best to maim more than one useful provision. The other day, he devoted himself to the spoiling of a clause which extended compensation to workers for injury to health in consequence of insanitary conditions in the workshops. This, of course, would cover the terrible physical evils which befall the white-lead and the chemical workers, and those employed in other dangerous trades. Mr. Chamberlain did his best to whittle down the language of the clause, and, unhappily, Mr. Asquith gave way to him, and himself proposed a form of words which would make the whole provision a nugatory one. It was soon clear that he had made a most unhappy, a most gratuitous blunder. All the doubtful Liberals came back and actually voted against the Home Secretary's weakening words, which were only carried by the votes of the Tories and Unionists. Mr. Asquith looked not a little foolish, and I must say he deserved a very significant repulse. Let us hope he will be stronger in future.

NOTE.

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Mr. Mellin.

36, St. Mark's Road, Wolverhampton, Feb. 11, 1895.

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7, Linden Gardens, Tunbridge Wells,

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Mr. G. Mellin.

Dear Sir,—I enclose a photograph of my baby boy, aged nine months, fed entirely on Mellin's Food from three months old.

Yours faithfully,

C. E. MORGAN.



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150, Leathwaite Road,
Clapham Junction, S.W., Feb. 1895.

Mr. Mellin.

Dear Sir,—I trust you will pardon the liberty I take in writing to you, but being blessed with a baby girl, the finest all my friends have ever seen; and this, I feel confident, is to a great extent due to Mellin's Food. The photo was taken when she was seven months old; she is now twelve months old, and comparatively as fat now as then. Yours faithfully,

MRS. H. RAGULEY.



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7, Morland Rd., Sutton,
Surrey, Feb. 6, 1895.

Mr. G. Mellin.

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in sending photo of our baby, Leonard, now twelve months. When a few weeks old his mother was unable to feed him herself, and trying many Foods which did not agree, we tried Mellin's. This, to our great surprise, made such a wonderful difference that we continued using it, which in our case is a pure proof that Mellin's Food is superior to all others. I can with great confidence recommend Mellin's Food, both for rich and poor, to be the most nourishing and strengthening food that can ever be given to infants and young children. Yours faithfully,

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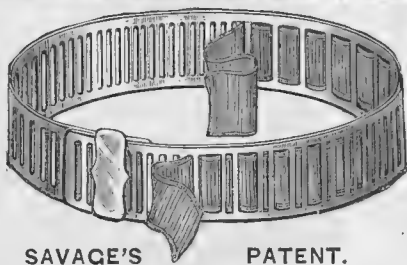
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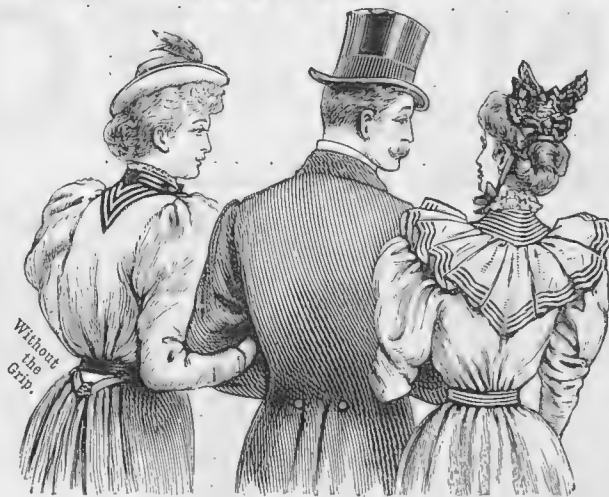
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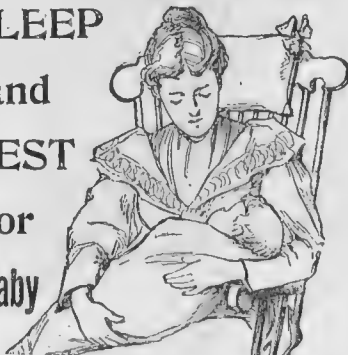
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DOES NOT CORRODE THE SKIN; KEEPS IT SMOOTH AND VELVETY.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Custom has not yet succeeded in making stale and unprofitable the charms of the blouse, or in lessening its infinite variety—quite the reverse, and so, as it seems the custom for public favourites to be subjected to frequent interviews, and their latest views on everything ascertained, I determined to once more interview the garment of the hour, and see what the last few weeks had done for it. I made an appointment at Mr. Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street—for this is one of the headquarters of my subject—and there, in due course, I achieved my object, and discovered that the blouse had effected some radical changes in its appearance, since last I saw it, one of its very latest forms being specially dedicated to the followers of healthful sports, such as rowing, tennis, and the like. In this case the bodice is of seamless stockingette, so perfectly elastic that it yields to every movement and follows the curves of the figure in the most wonderful way; in fact, it must be a constant delight to wear anything which fits so perfectly. The sleeves, too, which are sufficiently full to be in the height of the fashion, are also of the stockingette, and are adorned at the wrist with a series of minute pearl buttons, which, by the way, are utilised again to fasten the blouse at the left side. Sleeves and bodice are made in two contrasting colours, or, at least, in two different shades, turquoise-blue looking charming with white, and scarlet with black or white being a particularly effective combination. The predominating colour is reproduced again in the satin collar, with its jaunty little bow-ends at each side, and in the deep draped waistband, both of which do away with any suggestion of unbecoming stiffness or severity, and make the new blouse exceedingly smart and pretty, as well as novel and comfortable. If you want to know the price, I may tell you that it is 26s. 9d., a modest sum when you consider that this is no flimsy garment which will have but a short life, but a serviceable and durable article, which will look well for many a long day. If my description has failed to convince you of its charms, perhaps the illustration will effect your conquest. I hope so, for your own sake.

But for those who know not the joys of athletic exercises there are distinct compensations, as witness another blouse which I have had sketched for you, which bears the name of the "Gertrude," and the price of 59s. 6d. Here you have the dainty richness of rose-pink glacé silk as a background set off by a quaintly novel arrangement of white lawn, enriched with an appliqué of yellowish guipure, the deep collar and the waistband of this delightful fabric being connected by a central band and side-pieces, between which the puffings of the silk gleam out rosily. It is a pretty thing, truly, but it is almost too bright and fair for everyday wear, and deserves to be reserved for high-days and holidays. However, Mr. Peter Robinson has provided for all emergencies, and so I can present to you a third blouse, which I have no doubt will find even more favour in the eyes of some of you than its more gorgeous sister. This one is fashioned of plaid glacé in tones of mauve, yellow, and pink, the collar being finished at the back with a wide, outspreading bow of the silk, which, even in these days of rampant bows, is notable by reason of its size. The shaped waistband is of black satin, a wise arrangement, which takes at least two inches off the apparent size of the waist, while, in effective contrast to the colouring

of the plaid, three broad bands of black velvet pass down the front of the blouse, and give it that distinctive smartness which nothing secures in such perfection as a cleverly arranged touch of black. Altogether, I felt that I had done quite right in interviewing the blouse still again—the only thing is that I fancy it will become puffed up with pride at its increasing richness and insist upon having a new name, or, at any rate, a compound name, with the inevitable hyphen. Certainly, the plain blouse is a thing of the past, and its glorified successor, the blouse-bodice, reigns in its stead; but perhaps even this concession will not long satisfy a garment which grows more elaborate and beautiful with each succeeding day. It had still other phases of its many-sided character to show me, I discovered, when I thought I had gained sufficient information on the subject, and was preparing to steal away; so I must perforce enlighten you on the subject, for these are some of the most attractive phases which it has yet revealed to us.

One, in particular, which was sufficiently charming to win over any rebels to the cause, was composed entirely of accordion-pleated silk in that particular cornflower-blue which is bright and yet dark. The soft folds slightly overhung the waist all round, and nearly hid the tight, trim belt of black satin, and the elbow-sleeves were also the best possible proof of the beauty of accordion-pleating. For trimming, there was merely a long-ended bow of black satin, set at each side of the collar in front; and, indeed, nothing more was necessary, for the whole effect was perfect. Another dainty member of the great blouse family was of forget-me-not blue glacé, the deep shoulder-capes and the whole front being made beautiful by insertions and edgings of yellowish Valenciennes, a little ruffling of lace softening the bow-ends which finished off the collar and waistband, while pale-hued violets, scattered over an equally delicate blue background with a lace-like design in white, was an ideal fabric for still another of the garments in question. I also had the pleasure of being introduced to the "Vera," which, in spite of the fact that pongé silk, elaborately smocked, is the material thereof, is modest enough to be

disposed of willingly at the equally modest sum of one guinea—truly a most desirable acquaintance. As to the vests and fronts and the ruffles and bows, they formed too large a family-gathering to be invaded without mature consideration; but there was one ruffle—evidently a rich relation—before whose charms I succumbed, so high did it rise above all others. It was composed of a series of fan-shaped pleatings in shot golden-yellow and rose-pink glacé, a rosette of white crêpe de Chine nestling between each fan and crowning the summit of each point, while in front there were two clusters of shaded wallflowers—in delightful tones of golden yellow and rich brown—divided by the softness of two more rosettes. Before its all-too-strong fascinations I fled, taking refuge in the sunshade department, where, tempted by the brilliant sunshine to which, for the moment, we were being treated, I must needs see for what pretty novelties of this kind Mr. Peter Robinson was responsible, the inevitable result being that, in due course, I went away with a somewhat lighter purse, it is true, but proud in the possession of one of the very newest sunshades. In the meantime, however, during the lengthy process of choosing, I acquired some valuable information on up-to-date sunshades, information which is really of considerable importance, as these articles will be in constant requisition very shortly by all those who object to being blinded by the glare of a summer sun, or scorched and made



unbecomingly red by the heat thereof. If you want something durable and smart, withal, let me put in a word in favour of the chiné silk varieties (they commence at 18s. 9d., so you need have no qualms on the subject of price), with their blurred designs in charming combinations of colours, though I must admit that when they are glorified by a lining of puffed and gathered chiffon—pale pink, for instance, decorating the inside of a pale-green chiné with a wave design in black—they are calculated to break up economical resolves altogether.

As a matter of fact, the inside of the platter—otherwise, the sunshade—is receiving more than its share of attention this season, and chiffon and lace are pressed into the service to make it a thing of beauty, even the wires being hidden from view by softly shirred chiffon, the outside being of plain satin or nacré moiré. When you think of it, however, this arrangement is a very wise one, for it is most important that the inside, which forms the background for face and figure, should be worthy of its high calling, while the outside, which has to bear all the wear and tear, may well be of a more substantial character. Tassels, too, have caught the prevailing epidemic, and have a tendency to become gigantic; while handles of Dresden china and mother-of-pearl, inlaid with gold, make traps for those who can afford to indulge their fancies. I should like you to look out specially for a white chiné silk sunshade, scattered over with a shower of bright-blue cornflowers, which are massed together to form a border; a black silk sunshade, with airy puffings and frills of black chiffon, and most wonderful value for 25s. 6d.; and one in plain silk (or satin), sewn all over with sequins in any desired colour, this novel and increasingly fashionable mode of adorning our sunshades necessitating the expenditure of two guineas. As to the handles, their name is legion, and their variety endless; so it is useless for me to embark on the task of describing them. You can see scores upon scores at Oxford Street when you call on Mr. Peter Robinson, and you can each suit your own taste with the simple and charming, the quaintly novel, or the fascinatingly grotesque, made in the likeness of birds, or flowers, or fruit.

But, fascinating as they undoubtedly are, these summery sunshades must give place to the tale of the gowns at the Comedy Theatre, where Miss Fanny Brough has three gorgeous costumes to make up for the simplicity of the other ladies' attire. The first is of geranium-red satin, with a line-stripe of black to tone down its vivid hue, the front of the full skirt being all a-glitter with steel sequins, which are massed together in the form of six bands, of graduated length, each one finished with a huge bow of black satin. As to the bodice, it has elbow-sleeves of the skirt fabric, but the rest strikes an entirely different note in the chord of colour. There is, to begin with, a full vest of pink chiffon, the sides and back being of silver tinsel covered with handsome cream lace, which, in its turn, is sewn thickly with steel sequins, while still there remains to be chronicled a deep square collar of black satin bordered with lace and sequins, a jet-rose trimmed bonnet crowning all. For the second act Miss Brough dons a handsome but simply made tea-gown of buttercup-yellow brocade, the back tight-fitting, and the skirt opening at each side in front over a petticoat of accordion-pleated chiffon, the same soft fabric composing the bodice front and the great bishops' sleeves. Last, but by no means least, comes an exceedingly smart costume of cornflower-blue serge, the bodice, with its vest of white satin embroidered with jet, having a waist-girdle of twisted black-and-white satin ribbon, tied in a bow at the left

side and with long ends falling far down the skirt. A sailor collar of black satin, brightened by an edging of jet, completes a very smart toilette, the accompanying Sappho hat of burnt straw being bedecked with nodding sprays of black poppies and white Marguerites, and sundry black ostrich-tips. In contrast to this very up-to-date smartness is Miss Lena Ashwell, with her sweet, pathetic face, and her simple gowns—the first a rusty-black cashmere, with a lace collar to relieve its absolute simplicity; and next a perfectly charming dress of pink-and-white striped silk, with a collar and jabot of white accordion-pleated chiffon, and elbow-sleeves finished with a frill of the same filmy fabric; while, last of all, is a grey alpaca gown, patterned with tiny flowers in white, the bodice crossed by a fichu of sprigged white muslin. These fichus are really delightful, but only for certain people, be it understood, therefore they should be adopted with discretion. As for Miss Ashwell, she is, without doubt, one of the "certain people," and she makes such a charming picture that I do not care to break in upon it with any more reminiscences of "The Prude's Progress." FLORENCE.

MISS FANNY BROUGH IN "THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS."

The wretched little second winter which we have been enjoying has left its traces on fruit-trees and foliage. Down in Kent much damage has been done to the jam-producing trees. It is long since we had so cold a spell immediately following such great heat. In the spring of 1882 a bitter wintry gale came one Saturday, when the trees and bushes had been tempted into budding and blooming, and the next day our parks and suburban gardens were mere blackened wastes. That little winter did not last so long as the recent one, but did considerably more damage.





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HE CHANGED HIS UNDERCLOTHING

TOO EARLY IN THE SEASON, AND
PAYS THE PENALTY.

ST. JACOBS OIL PUTS HIM RIGHT!



Mr. G. PILFORD & CHILD.

A GREAT mistake which many people make is in changing their underclothing too early; they had better by half suffer a little inconvenience from a few spring days of warm weather than run the risk of taking a cold, which may develop into rheumatism, as was the case of Mr. G. Pilford, dip candle maker, living with his family at 50, Stanley Street, Brighton, who writes us as follows, under date of April 5th, 1894:—

"I write to tell you of the great benefit I have received from the use of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. Last Friday, the weather being warm and fine, I foolishly decided to leave off some underclothing I had worn all the winter. The next day I felt a severe pain shooting down my back, which grew worse until Sunday, when I was fairly doubled up with pain, quite unable to stand upright. On Monday I thought of St. Jacobs Oil, about which I had heard so much, and procuring a bottle my wife applied it to the entire length of the spinal column twice during the day. On Tuesday I was so much better that I could stand upright, and the pain was very much less, nevertheless my wife applied the Oil as on the Monday. On Wednesday morning another rubbing, and I started for the factory to tell the governor that I should be able to come to work the following morning; but I felt so much better when I got there that I said to my shop-mates, 'I don't feel any pain about me; I think I will stop,' so I changed my clothes and went to work then and there, and have not felt the slightest pain since. I shall always strongly recommend St. Jacobs Oil. You may publish this letter, and if anyone likes to call on me I should be pleased to tell them of the great benefit I have received."

It is when one reads such straightforward, honest evidence as this that one becomes convinced. The case of Mr. Pilford is one of the many who, by carelessness or otherwise, contract rheumatism, for which St. Jacobs Oil is the only known and positive cure. Price 1/1½ and 2/6, of Medicine Dealers.

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NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Rarely does one find in a play such a painfully discordant touch as the questions of Nelly Morris to her sweetheart. "Do you really want me?—do you want me with the old man's kisses fresh on my lips?" Of course, the cruel idea underlying such questions is within the limits of the drama, but the result of hearing it must have been to convince everyone that "The Prude's Progress," though called comedy, was not, as a whole, on a plane of truth that could tolerate such ruffling ideas. It seems to me that Messrs. Jerome and Phillpotts have been lucky in their choice of a title, for it has excited no little curiosity. People denounced the play in advance, suggesting that it would concern the great Empire case. Some pretended that the ill-named "Triumph of the Philistines" had anticipated the piece. Moreover, there has been curiosity as to the use of the word "prude," and uncertainty as to which of the characters is designated. The best definition of "prude" is "a woman who blushes at the indelicacy of her own thoughts." This does not apply to Mr. Ben Dixon, though Tennyson has used the word "prude" of men; nor can the spurious Mrs. Dixon be called a prude. However, it does not matter much whether the title is an irrelevant *ad captandum* device or not; the more important matter is that the play is lively and entertaining throughout. The dialogue has plenty of the "Jerome" humour in it; the workmanship of the piece is neat, and one of the love-scenes is pretty. Indeed, the scheme adopted by Miss Primrose Deane to induce her proud young sweetheart to propose, despite her wealth, is very cleverly handled; and, as Miss Ettie Williams played it charmingly, it gave us a delightful ten minutes.

Are we going back to the Robertson school? asked some during the evening, and, really, in the pleasing blend of farce and somewhat strained sentiment, there was something that suggested the days of the old Prince of Wales. However, no one suggests that there is any plagiarism in "The Prude's Progress," and, although Mr. Ben Dixon, or Wheedles, has a long line of ancestors, even if one only goes back to Tartuffe, he has a note of freshness. Indeed, he is better drawn, in some ways, than Mr. Jorgan, of Market Pewbury, at least, for stage purposes, since he has not the inconvenient fluctuations between vice and blatant righteousness that puzzle one at the St. James's. Mr. Cyril Maude's performance as the arch-humbler is one of the cleverest pieces of acting imaginable.

One could wish Miss Fanny Brough a somewhat fuller part for exhibition of her splendid vitality than that of the hazily drawn Mrs. Ben Dixon. Mr. Arthur Playfair gave a capital performance as a young journalist armed with an incriminating note-book. If Miss Lena Ashwell proved less pleasing than usual as Nelly Morris, it was, no doubt, because she tried to prepare the audience for the painful note at the end: certainly, her acting was excellent. Mr. Edward Righton seems to have been created for such parts as that of the kindly, self-sacrificing Adam Cherry.

The great question remains unanswered. Before "Fédora," some looked upon Mrs. Patrick Campbell as an actress of genius, others had reserved judgment. Many, however, like myself, think that the performance of Saturday night is inconclusive. Beyond all doubt it was a remarkable piece of acting, and, in some scenes, great, and yet it was not quite a satisfactory presentation of Fédora. It was not satisfactory for the reason that caused Duse's acting in the part to be a partial failure. Of the wonderful *edlinerie* of Bernhardt, the extraordinary allurements that rendered her Fédora fascinating in the love-scenes, there is little in their work. The side of the part that suggests the sensual, fierce barbarian, put into the part by Sardou in order to use the gifts of Bernhardt, remained unexplored, and, for anything to the contrary in Mrs. Campbell's performance, she might have been representing an Englishwoman. I do not suggest that the English actress goes so far as the Italian in eliminating the sensual aspect. I remember writing that it was impossible to believe that Duse's Fédora would have saved Loris at the cost of her honour, though she would have died for him; with Mrs. Campbell I should substitute "difficult" for "impossible." Moreover, I am bound to say that the first act, the cleverest work of Sardou, was only half acted. The wonderful, feverish excitement of Fédora, the suggestion of intense suppression of feeling, seemed to be missing: to me, Bernhardt has always appeared to be almost at her greatest in the bed-chamber scene, while Mrs. Campbell was over-restrained, almost colourless. This sounds unamiable, yet I think that the very enthusiastic applause of the audience was almost earned. The last act was a grand piece of playing, and the actress proved that she has immense power. Whether she has the enormous strength of a Bernhardt one cannot guess, but if throughout, instead of exhibiting too great restraint in a showy theatrical part, Mrs. Campbell had worked with the concentration of passion that she put into the last ten minutes, we should all have been fascinated. As a whole, then, one must call the new Fédora a remarkable but very uneven performance, and express the belief that Mrs. Campbell, like Duse, acts in proportion to the absolute truth of the character she represents.

At first one was disposed to call Mr. Tree rather tame; but his last act showed him at his best, and it will be long before one forgets his display of anguish, horror, and passion. Possibly he employs the stage-whisper of emotion too much, and was rather cold in the love-passages. Yet the result was to give startling effect to the scenes in which he let himself go. Nearly all the company did good work. There is no need, however, to say much of individual performances, among the best of which were the Desiré of Mr. Herbert Ross, the Tchileff—a clever study of Jewish gestures—of Mr. Charles Allan, the lively Countess Olga of Mrs. Bancroft, and the Jean de Sirix of Mr. Nutcombe Gould, who, however, is somewhat heavy-handed.

MONOCLE.

WHERE TO GO AT WHITSUN.

The railway companies offer the Whitsun wayfarer many opportunities of travel. The London, Brighton, and South Coast Company have a tempting bill. They have accelerated their Paris service, and the new arrangements will be available for Whitsun excursionists. The company will run a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the day express on Saturday, and by the night express every evening from to-morrow to Monday.

On Saturday the first of the cheap day-trips of the season will be run to Brighton and Worthing, and to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. On Whit-Sunday and Monday, day-trips at greatly reduced excursion fares will be run to Brighton, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Hastings, &c.

The London and North-Western Company will run a special train to Holyhead for Ireland. On Saturday, a special train will leave Willesden Station at 2.57 p.m. for the principal stations on the Trent Valley Line, and Stafford, for Birmingham, Manchester, Rhyl, and Llandudno. On Sunday, special trains will run to Watford, &c. On Whit-Monday, numerous special trains will be run.

Cheap excursion trains will be run by the Midland Company to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, &c., for sixteen days, *via* Liverpool to-morrow, and *via* Morecambe on Wednesday; to Belfast, Londonderry, and Portrush for Giant's Causeway, *via* Barrow and *via* Liverpool on Friday, for sixteen days; to Londonderry, *via* Liverpool, on Saturday, to return June 4, 5, 8, 11, 12, or 15; to Leicester, Nottingham, &c., on Saturday, returning the following Monday or Thursday; to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c., on Friday night, returning the following Tuesday or Saturday. On Whit-Monday, to St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, Bedford, and Birmingham, for one day; and to Manchester, for the Races, on Thursday (midnight), June 6, returning Saturday, June 8. Cheap excursion trains for five or eight days will also be run to London from Carlisle, Leeds, &c.

The South-Western Company will run special day-trip excursions on Whit-Sunday to Southampton, Lyndhurst Road, Brockenhurst, Bournemouth, Portsmouth, Ryde, Isle of Wight; on Whit-Monday to the south coast of Devon, Southampton, Portsmouth, Salisbury, Ryde, and Cowes. Racing will take place at Hurst Park, Hampton Court, on Whit-Monday and Whit-Tuesday.

South-Eastern Railway excursions to Boulogne on Saturday, returning at 4.30 p.m. on Bank Holiday. Cheap tickets will also be issued on May 31 and June 1, available until June 5, to Brussels, *via* Calais or Ostend, for eight days; to Calais on Bank Holiday; to Ostend and to Paris. Cheap-day excursions to Rochester, Chatham, Hastings, Dover, &c.

The Great Western Railway Company announce excursions to Cork and Killarney to-morrow, to South Wales and the South of Ireland on Friday. Return tickets, at 24s. 6d., will be issued to Guernsey and Jersey. On Bank Holiday cheap trains will be run to Reading, Bath, &c.

Special return tickets will be issued by the Great Eastern, *via* Harwich, to Amsterdam for its International Exhibition on Friday and Saturday. Passengers leaving on Friday or Saturday reach the Ardennes the next afternoon, and can return on Monday in time to reach London early on Tuesday morning.

The Great Northern Railway Company will, on Saturday night, run a cheap excursion to Scotland, returning on Tuesday, June 4, or Saturday, June 8. Tickets at a single fare for the double journey will also be issued by this excursion to places named, available for return by one fixed train on any day within sixteen days, including days of issue and return. Three or six days' excursions will be run to Cambridge, Sheffield, Manchester, Leeds, &c., returning June 3 or 6; and for one, three, or four days to Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe.

"IL TROVATORE" AT WINDSOR.

The representation of "Il Trovatore" at Windsor, on the occasion of her Majesty's seventy-sixth birthday, was quite as successful as any of the half-dozen Command performances given by Sir Augustus Harris which had preceded the presentation of Verdi's opera. And this is saying much, for the Prince of Wales only expressed the Queen's wish when witnessing "Fra Diavolo," at Covent Garden, on Monday, the 20th, yet, within four days, all the scenery had been painted and sent down. Nay, more, for difficulties quite unforeseen occurred in the matter of the costumes. The powers that be made a tremendous outcry against their removal from Covent Garden, so Sir Augustus Harris resorted to his private resources, with the result that "Il Trovatore" was far better dressed than it has hitherto been at the Opera House. The company engaged in the representation amounted to one hundred and fifty, just about the number of the distinguished audience which filled the Waterloo Chamber. Signor Tamagno's powerful voice was not at all out of place even in this limited space. He was in excellent form, his rendering of the famous "Di Quella Pira" being superb. He was specially congratulated by the Queen, as was Miss Marguerite Macintyre, the Leonora. The performance, which commenced at ten minutes past nine, lasted exactly three hours—a remarkable record—and went with a smoothness of detail reflecting great credit on Mr. Arthur Collins, the stage-manager, and Signor Seppilli, who conducted. Mr. Leonard Collmann, the Inspector of Her Majesty's Palace, helped to make the occasion pleasant to all concerned by his tact and geniality. At supper Sir Augustus proposed her Majesty's health, a toast which was drunk with genuine enthusiasm, and Signor Tamagno made a neat little speech in Italian in asking the company to drink to Sir Augustus. Miss Macintyre was presented with a lovely brooch, and Signor Tamagno received a handsome cigarette-box. The special train conveying the company left Windsor for Paddington shortly before two o'clock on Saturday morning.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, May 25, 1895.

The Bank return was featureless enough to please the most conservative, showing the internal circulation to be quite stationary, and the proportion of reserve to liabilities to remain practically the same as before. The returns of the Bankers' Clearing House, however, continue to indicate expansion; while the trade outlook, if one can believe the opinions of the various Chambers of Commerce, is encouraging. Now that the speculative account on the Stock Exchange has been considerably reduced, money is again loanable only at absurdly low rates, and, with the holidays just upon us, there seems very little prospect of improvement.

During the week business in the House has been limited, for everybody was waiting to see what the Settlement would bring about before committing themselves to fresh speculation.

After all, the Kaffir Circus got over the ordeal far better than appeared likely on Monday last, and only a few lame ducks have required assistance, while the outlook in mines is certainly more promising than it was when we last wrote to you.

Consols remain over 106, and we were able to execute your order to sell Metropolitan 2½ stock at 101½, a record price, we believe. Colonials, as is usual, have crept up with our own Government stocks, for it seems as if people will be driven to this class of security more than ever. For people who wish a first-class stock, to pay 4 per cent., we recommend many of the best Colonial Corporation bonds, such as City of Wellington, Auckland, Dunedin, or Quebec, which, even allowing for redemption, will return in all cases nearly £4 10s. per cent., and, in our opinion, are as safe, if not safer, than most of the Government loans. Avoid the small towns, many of whom have over-borrowed, and avoid also harbour bonds, dear Sir; but, in the present dearth of remunerative and solid securities, the highest class of Colonial Corporations offer a rare chance, and the bonds, when you have got them, are as easily negotiable as bank-notes.

Home Rails have been in favour, and, without much business being done, are all higher. Dover A are being manipulated, and seem likely to go higher; while "little Chats" are an excellent speculation. As to the recent case which is made so much of, we believe its effect has been greatly over-rated, and because a railway company appeals—what railway does not?—no inference as to the importance of the question ought to be drawn. Those who know the joy of fighting with corporate money would be the last to attach undue importance to this appeal, which is so freely used as a "bear point." Districts are quite a House tip, which we give for what it is worth; for ourselves, we would far rather buy Coras.

A heavy drop in Mexican Rails has been caused by the break-up of the pool, but the Argentine Railways we recommended to you last week have all been in good tone. The debentures of many of these lines are the best speculative lock-up in the market, especially Cordoba and Rosario 5 per cent. debentures and Bahia Blanca preference shares. Cordoba Central, Northern Section, income debentures are an attractive speculation, and we feel sure that, in a year or so, we shall all look back to the prices ruling now and wonder how we could have missed such chances of making money. This sort of thing must be paid for, however, dear Sir, and not "carried over."

The United States Brewing Company again pays 10 per cent. for the year on its ordinary shares, and if, without lowering its dividend, the company has got through the bad times in the United States, now that the tide has turned, the shares—and, above all, the 6 per cent. debentures—appear very cheap.

The life seemed out of the Mining market in the early part of the week, and every broker had "bear" stories to tell, but, after all, we have survived the settlement; and when the holidays are over and the Paris account adjusted at the end of the month, it would not surprise us to see, not another boom, but steady progress in the better stocks. We have always refrained from advising such things as Sutherland Reefs—mindful of its parentage; and the wisdom of the course is now evident. West Australians have been quiet, while the new issues fall very flat. In one case, we know that the response from the public was under £1000; so the underwriters got practically the whole issue. Avoid new ventures.

The independent shareholders and the directors of the Hull and Barnsley Railway, have fallen out again. Nothing else could have been expected, for it was as absurd to allow the directors to nominate half a committee which was formed to inquire into the past management as to allow a prisoner to nominate half the jury. Nothing but a clean sweep of Colonel G. Smith and his associates is worth discussing, dear Sir; and, with the example of the Grand Trunk before them, we hope Mr. Houston and his friends will refuse to be fooled a second time. The correspondence which the directors have sent round is a far more eloquent condemnation of their conduct than Mr. Houston's circular. In your own interests, and in the interests of good company administration, we hope you will not only support the committee, but induce all your friends to do the same. You can't be worse off than you are, and you may be better.

The settlement of the Trustees Corporation squabbles is now officially announced, and Mr. Walker seems to have secured the very fair sum of £33,500 from the delinquent directors. What more eloquent justification can be imagined of the inquiry, and of the course which, under our advice, yourself and your friends have taken in supporting Mr. Walker

throughout the battle? We congratulate all concerned, and especially the shareholders, who may now look forward to steady progress, and an improvement in the price of their shares.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE SNOWDON MOUNTAIN TRAMROAD AND HOTELS COMPANY, LIMITED, is offering, on its own account, 20,000 4½ first mortgage debentures, and, for the contractors, 6343 £10 shares. The project is to construct a tramroad from Llanberis to the top of Snowdon, and to work two hotels, one at the commencement of the line and the other on the summit of the mountain. We can see no security for the debentures, for the one hotel is only leasehold, and the prospectus does not say the lease is a beneficial one or of any value, while neither the tramroad nor the other hotel is completed; and we should think it doubtful if they ever will be, unless the public finds the money now required. For audacity, we have never seen anything to equal these 4½ debentures, which present a maximum risk with a minimum return.

THE IMPERIAL MARBLE COMPANY, LIMITED, is issuing 80,000 shares of £1 each. The concern is formed to work certain patents for the production of marble out of limestone. The prospectus reads very well, but, unfortunately, the directors send us a sample of their production, and, having looked at it, we seriously advise our readers to have nothing to do with the venture.

THE CLEVELAND AND MARIETTA RAILWAY COMPANY is offering 1,250,000 dollars of 4½ per cent. First Mortgage bonds, guaranteed by the Pennsylvania Company in gold. The issue price is 106, and for people who complain of the low rate of interest to be got, with good security, we can only say the present opportunity is one which may not occur again. We strongly recommend these bonds.

THE TRIUMPH (HAUBAKI) GOLD MINES, LIMITED, is offering 200,000 5s. shares, which may as well be left alone. There is abundance of water—some people say, too much—and the shareholders in the Coromandel and Kapanga companies will no doubt appreciate this concern at its true value.

ARCHIBALD ARROL AND SON, LIMITED, is a new brewery, which is offering £200,000 4½ first mortgage debenture stock, and 10,000 5½ pref. shares of £10 each. The debentures are well covered, and both investments may be applied for without any fear of undue risk.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BREAKSPEARS.—We hope you have got our private letter, which answers all your questions.

SHANDON BALLS.—We should hold Nos. 1 and 2. As to No. 3, it is a gamble. We do not advise buying more Londonderrys, as we think the mine is overvalued at about £350,000, which is what the present price of the shares represents.

ANXIOUS.—The advertisements are mostly bogus, and you will find, if you pursue the subject, that the security offered you will probably be pawn-tickets. Don't lend a penny on them, but answer an advertisement or two, and see for yourself. If you will answer one, and send us the particulars you get, we will advise you further. If the security was any good, there would be no need to advertise and offer such terms.

J. C. J.—We hope you have received the name of the firm you require. Ask them which lottery bonds they advise you to purchase, as we expect they can recommend better ones than those you mention.

OMEGA.—(1) We see no reason for you to sell De Beers debentures. (2) Try Little Chathams or Coras. (3) Hold for a rise. (4) Buy Telegraph Construction or Peek Brothers and Winch preference shares.

UNRAVEL.—We think 58 per cent. is paid in cash, and the rest in some sort of paper called "balance certificates." The proper price is about five guineas, not, as stated, £8.

KNOWLEDGE.—(1) We cannot give you the name of the firm, as the conversion is, we understand, put off. (2) Preference about par to buy, and ordinary about 1-16 premium. (3) Yes; but present price is vague, as quotations are very wide; at not over 40s. or 42s., we should say they were good. (4) The reports and price of John Barker and Co. appear in any financial paper, but, of George Newnes, in very few. Try a copy of the *Money Market Review*, or the *Financier*.

NEMO.—Globe Telegraph shares are very good, but very high. We don't care to recommend a mine at this moment. Buy a few Johannesburg Waterworks shares for investment. Glad you got so good a price for Potchefstrooms.

ALQUIS.—We are not experts in lottery bonds, but have sent your letter to a firm who are, and who will write to you.

L. A. S.—Thank you for your letter. We have replied to it, and hope you have received the answer. Please let us know if you misdated the note, for we cannot account for the delay in any other way.

NOTE.—In consequence of having to go to press early next week, no letters can be answered which arrive after the first post on Thursday morning, May 30.

COUPON TICKET

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,

40, 42, 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET. (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.) Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

May 29, 1895.

Signature.....